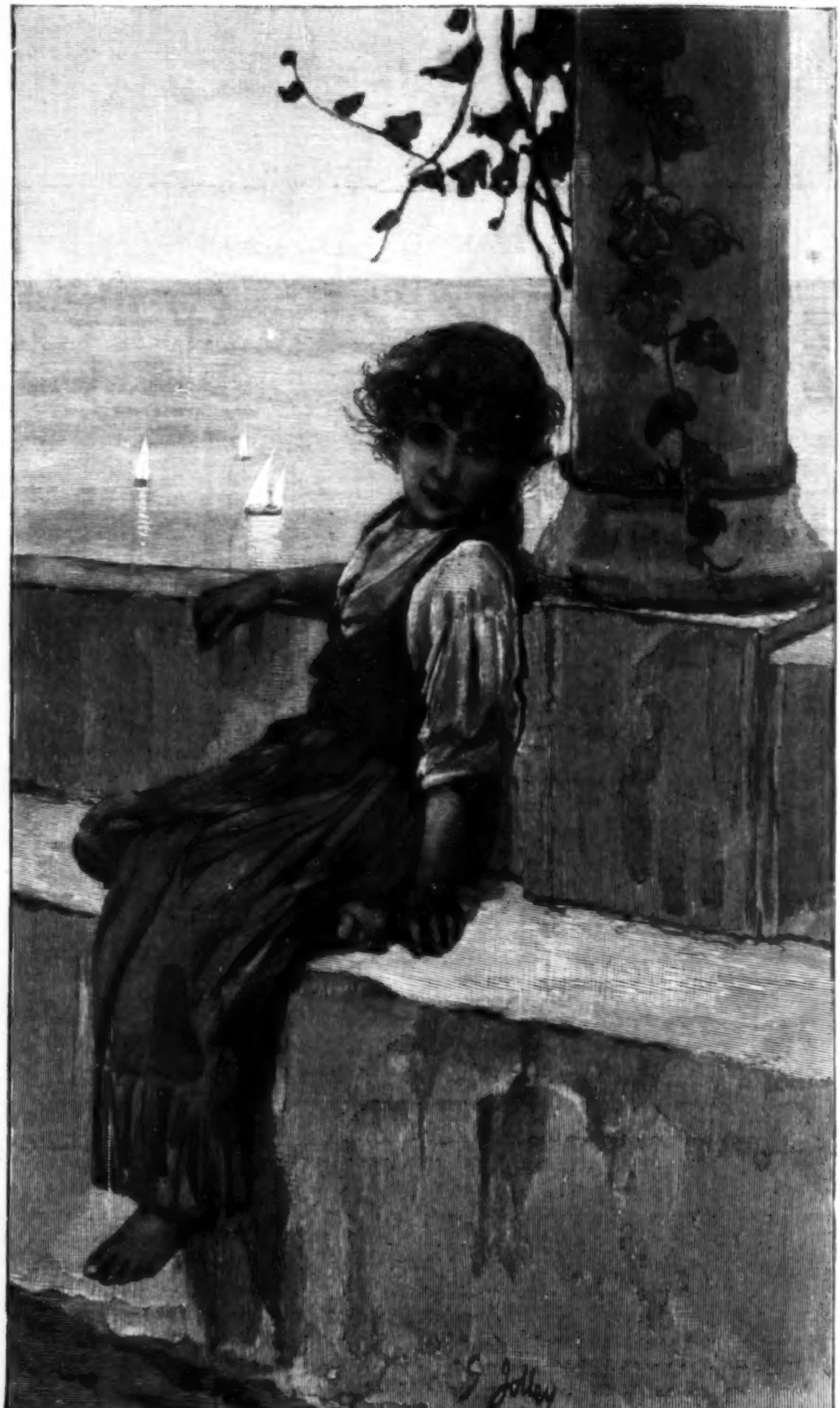




A LITTLE DANCING GIRL



A SOUTHERN SPRING

DRAWN BY G. JOLLEY ENGRAVED BY J. C. RUDDOCK

# CAPTAIN JACOBUS.

Certain passages from the Memoirs of ANTHONY LANGFORD Gentleman: containing a particular account of his Adventures with CAPTAIN JACOBUS the Notorious Cavalier Highwayman: of his connection with the PEMRUDDOCK Plot in the time of the Commonwealth and of the surprising Adventures and singular turns of Fortune that befall him in the course of these relations. Written by Himself and now nearly set forth *By L. Cope Cornford.*

ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD

## SUMMARY.

Anthony Langford, being compelled to flee his home near Salisbury by the machinations of one, Manning, an unsuccessful rival in love, joins Captain Jacobus, a Royalist conspirator, who has warned him. Nick Armorer, lieutenant of Jacobus, lies a prisoner in London for stealing the mails. The two companions set out to rescue him. In Winchester they come on Cromwell, and Jacobus makes a mad and unsuccessful attempt to stop his coach and rob him. At Farnham they fall in at their inn with two beautiful ladies who bid them to supper and entreat them very kindly, for the King's sake.

The next day they ride on to Guildford, rescuing the two ladies, who have preceded them, from the hands of a highwayman. They sleep that night at the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street. Nick Armorer lies in Newgate, and is to die at once. Jacobus, however, manages to drug the Bellman of St. Sepulchre's—an official who goes beneath the condemned cell on the last night of a prisoner's life and warns him to repent—personates him, and so hands to Armorer the means of making his escape. He also arranges for the procuring of £1,000 from the Commonwealth by means of a forged draft. Notwithstanding the subsequent treachery of their entertainers these plans come to a successful issue, and Jacobus and his friend ride off to interview the Earl of Rochester at his lodging in Whitehall, there to hand over the spoil. It is now necessary that someone shall take mails to the King, and Anthony Langford volunteers for the work and crosses to Flushing.

## CHAPTER X.

### A KING IN EXILE.

BEFORE quitting the harbour, I turned to see "the last of my sea-sorrow," to filch a pretty phrase of Mr. Shakespeare's. The *Silver Spray* lay

moored against the weed-encrusted timbers of the rude landing-stage, her red sails furled, her ropes and spars graven upon the bright sky. But she

was shorn of glamour in my regard: the mystery of deep-sea voyaging had resolved itself (for the time) into experience so shocking that I shuddered to recall it: and I bade farewell to the *Silver Spray* as to a sentient being whose acquaintance was more disastrous than desirable.

It was about five in the evening when I left the quays to discover the tavern of the Sign of the City of Rouen. The low sun shone full in my eyes, so that I discerned the ornamented, step-gabled buildings, and the strange figures and taking costumes of the Dutch people through a kind of magical splendour: the new, foreign taste of the air struck mighty agreeably upon my senses: and I walked along in a pleasant dream. The Earl of Rochester had directed me precisely to the inn: and I presently came upon it in a square market-place, planted with trees and gay with the awnings of the hucksters' booths. The City of Rouen was a tall building of carven stone, with a projecting porch upheld by caryatid demons, very fantastically wrought: over the portal was a stone cartouche bearing the cognisance cut in basso-relievo: the towers and ramparts of an ancient Gothic city as if beheld from above, the lines all awry according to the manner of old pictures. Two or three rosy, buxom nymphs, very bravely apparelled in black velvet bodices embroidered with gold and silver, gay flowered skirts, and winged white caps set with bright coins, were chattering and laughing about the entrance. One stepped forward with a curtsey, and addressed me in the Dutch language, to which I replied, in English, desiring to be taken to Sir John Mennes and Mr. Nicholas. My damsel caught at the names and led me up a wide stone stair to an upper room, where I found the gentlemen at dinner. They rose to greet me as I entered: and when salutations had passed, invited me to join them.

Sir John was a trim-built, blue-eyed man of thirty-five or so, with a yellow moustache and hair thinning somewhat on the top: Mr. Nicholas, son to the King's secretary, was a tall, grave, clean-shaven young man of an austere demeanour.

"We are mightily glad to see you, Mr. Langford," said Sir John. "And you bring us good news, I doubt not."

"So far as it goes," I answered, "for the pinch is yet to come:" and I told them the posture of affairs.

"Why the devil," broke out Sir John, "is Oliver not pistolled long since? For the life o' me, I cannot understand it. Here is a scurvy militia-captain grinding the whole country under his heel, all the people hating him like witch-craft—Royalists, Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, Republicans and Catholics, all his sworn enemies—yet not a man of them can touch him!"

"His time is not yet come, as he might say himself," quoth Nicholas.

"Another thing," cried Sir John, with a scowling, nasal vehemence, his head upon one side, which I found to be his habit, "why is the King so backward in the plots for his own restoration? You would say he did not care, almost. There's not a man about the Court that isn't neck-deep and fever-hot in caballings and red conspiracies—except the King! Then one party out-plots another party, and so they come to blows, and six days out of seven the whole place is by the ears. Of course, so it must be, unless his Majesty takes hold. And why does he not? This business of Penruddock's is the first he hath stirred in: and that only as an excuse to get away from Cologne for awhile, I do verily believe," concluded Sir John, with a salvo of oaths.

"Tis a better politician than us all, never doubt that, Sir John," said Nicholas.

"Well, it seems mighty odd to me," returned the other.

Whereupon, over the wine, we plunged into a lengthy argument, which, like such disputations, led nowhither, and left us all a trifle heated and self-important. As for me, when I went to bed that night, rejoicing in down pillows and fine lavender-scented linen, I was in some conceit with myself. I felt that I was playing no small part in the world: moving amid great destinies. I was a person to be reckoned with, a man of momentous experience, strangely removed from the unsophisticated boy who used to ride to and fro from Langford to Salisbury a long time ago. Then the remembrance, never lulled for long, of one sitting desolate in that city awoke within me; and my savoury imaginings turned bitter as ashes in my mouth.

By sunrise the next morning I was riding out of Flushing, my valise strapped

upon the crupper. Sir John Mennes rode with me. Mr. Nicholas, who stayed at the City of Rouen to be at hand in case further tidings should arrive, lent me his horse. Our way lay along the dikes, the sea upon the one hand, and on the other the fair, pied plain stretching away as flat as a table to a wind-bent fringe of poplars. Under the vast grey hollow of the sky the colours of the fishing-boats on the grey sea, and the hues of the spring landscape, bore a freshness like wet paint, very alluring to the eye, and such as I have never seen in England. About half-way to Middelburgh we stopped to drink a tankard of excellent ale at a little, pretty inn, standing solitary and half-hidden among the sand-dunes, with a bloom like a peach upon its ancient stonework and steep-tiled roofs. As we rode to the door I glanced up by chance and caught a glimpse of a face peering from an upper window. It was gone in a twinkling, and before I could distinguish the features. I thought little of it at the time, but the afterclap brought the circumstance to mind.

Within an hour after quitting the wayside inn we were riding along the humming quays of Middelburgh. A carillon from the Abbey tower that overlapped the roofs rose and fell in a silver fountain of cadences: great bluff gallions were lading and unlading with all manner of merchandise: the street was thronged with the alert cheery Hogan-Mogans: and methought I had never beheld a town so clean, thriving, and sumptuous. Stopping presently at a tall house of rich appearance Sir John dismounted, and giving me his bridle, knocked upon the door. He was admitted by a serving-man bearing the Ormond badge: and I was left to endure some of the longest minutes of my existence. For I, Anthony Langford, was about to hold audience face to face with the King his Majesty: the thought seemed to dissolve my inwards: my vision blurred, and I could hear my heart beating.

When Sir John at last returned with the lacquey, who took the horses, he must have apprehended my distress.

"What, man!" he cried. "Take heart of grace. His Majesty is a very pleasant gentleman: he waits for you now. . . Y'are forgetting your mails, are you not?"

In truth, I think I had forgotten my own name: but so soon as we had fairly entered the room where was the King, my composure returned to me in some measure. I saw a stately gentleman with great dark eyes under black arching brows, and a wide, full-lipped mouth: his expression was at once melancholy and whimsical. Sir John Mennes presented me to his Majesty, who greeted me with a smiling manner of easy courtesy, giving me his hand to kiss.

"I do remember your father, Mr. Langford," said the King. "He unhappily lost his life in the King my father's service—in the affair at Alresford, was it not? And his son, it seems, is bent upon treading that same perilous path of loyalty!"

"'Tis the road to honour, sire," I answered.

"And to red herrings in exile, by your leave, Mr. Langford: to present pinching, and a future dark and problematical," returned the King, cheerfully. "Well, sir, to the business in hand. Is all in readiness for the date appointed?"

"The date? what date, sire?" I stammered, taken aback.

"The eighteenth of April, man. Did not my express reach my lord of Rochester?" asked his Majesty, with some impatience.

The words struck upon my hearing like a knell: my wedding-day had been fixed for that day: and murmuring in my confusion that I had not heard—doubtless 'twas all contained in the mails I had the honour to bring—unstrapped my valise, set the bags of gold upon the table, and, kneeling, presented the Earl of Rochester's despatch. The King broke the seal and hastily perused the letter.

"Ah, the bowls run their old bias, I do perceive! Contrary winds—messenger delayed—plans disordered," said his Majesty, looking up and addressing Sir John Mennes and another gentleman (the Marquis of Ormond, as I discovered afterwards), who seemed to be in attendance upon the King.

The Marquis swore blasphemously, and began a question: but the King held up his slender, jewelled hand, and continued reading. His Majesty was leaning against the stone mullion of the great window, the casement of which stood open: beyond his swarthy

profile rose a far prospect of sea, melting into pearly mist and studded with slanting red sails: and a fancy came across me, that Charles Second, loitering thus upon the shore of the dividing main, stood but at a pause in his destinies: and that some day, be it soon or be it late, he should embark upon a flowing tide, and carry sail till the cordage cracked in a fair wind that should bear him to a golden restoration.

"And so you have been riding with Captain Jacobus, Mr. Langford," said the King, when he had finished the mail. "You shall tell me of your adventures over a bottle before we part. Odso! The King's gentlemen spend merrier days than his long-suffering Majesty. If I were to take the road and wreak a little private vengeance on the roundheads, there would be a pretty hue-and-cry, and God's vicegerent would be cut off incontinent in his prime of manhood! . . . Do you know aught of a certain Mr. John Manning, Mr. Langford?" asked his Majesty, suddenly, to my surprise.

"I know him well, sire," I answered.

"And where is he now?" asked the King, looking at me.

I replied that I knew naught of his movements, save that he had left Salisbury some weeks since.

"Why did he leave?" asked the King.

I hesitated. "Well, the truth of it is, we had a little disagreement, sire," I said.

"About what?" persisted his Majesty, curiously.

"A piece of a lawsuit," said I.

"A piece of a —?" repeated the King, with an indescribable accent. "Why, very well, Mr. Langford," he went on. "You must forgive me this particularity: for the truth of it is this Manning has much to do with the business in hand. You would say he is a loyal gentleman?"

"I know of nought to the contrary, sire," I answered: and no more did I: nor had I sufficient justification to formulate my vague suspicions.

"The matter, then, stands thus," the King went on. "You must be well aware, Mr. Langford, that our exchequer, in these unhappy times, is totally empty. In fact, sir, there *is* no exchequer: and the privy purse would be in an ill way had you not been so good, I see, as to act convoy to supplies. Now, my Lord

Wilmot tells me that our incomparable Jacobus has placed in his hands a large sum: [I cannot at all imagine how he came by it—you shall enlighten me presently, Mr. Langford] yet there are the troops of the North as well as those of the South to pay, and this cannot suffice. Whereupon Mr. Manning obligingly comes to our assistance—with this magical prescription:" and the King took a folded paper from his breast and handed it to me. Upon the inside of the paper were three impressions of an antique head in white wax. "Each of these seals, saith Manning, represents one thousand broad pieces," pursued his Majesty, "which will immediately be given to any person presenting the token at a certain house in Salisbury, upon the condition that the city is first in the hands of the Royalists. The house in question—correct me if I am wrong, Marquis—the house in question stands three doors from the Poultry Cross in the market-place, upon the left hand looking north. Why, man, what has taken thee?" demanded my royal instructor, breaking off.

For I stood bewildered: the King had described the place of Mayor Phelps's abode. It was indeed possible that Mr. Phelps, wealthy, Royalist at heart, and cognisant of the projected rising, had, in my absence, planned such a scheme with Manning: yet I could not think it likely: and it flashed across me, adding to my confusion, that the sum named coincided with the amount of Barbara's dowry. But, again, supposing that Manning were playing for his own hand, it outwent my wit to imagine how such method could serve his end: and yet, the affair smelled of treason.

I looked up helplessly. The King was whistling a dance tune through his teeth, with his eyes upon my face.

"If you have aught in your mind, Mr. Langford," said he gravely, "prithee speak it out. 'Tis a matter that concerns the State;" and I straightway resolved to tell the whole truth.

"I crave your pardon, sire. I know the house, which is that of Mr. Phelps, Mayor of the city, a staunch man and well affected to your Majesty. I would put my hand in the fire for Richard Phelps. Yet I own I have a doubt upon the matter, for the last time I saw Mr. Manning, when we were both upon a visit to the house, he parted from Mr.



"I THOUGHT WE SHOULD ARRIVE AT THE LADY"

Phelps in anger: and soon afterwards he quitted Salisbury, nor have I seen him since—although, of course, he might have returned since my own departure from the city."

"And the quarrel with this worthy Mr. Phelps of whom you speak—was that upon a piece of a—ay, a piece of a law-suit, also?" asked his Majesty, gently.

I felt my ears grow hot: but there was no help for it: I had to clear the hedge.

"The plain truth of it is, sire, Mr. Manning and myself were both suitors for the hand of Mr. Phelps his daughter: and she preferred—for all I know—the worser man. Mr. Manning, as was very natural, felt himself a little slighted: there were some hasty words passed: and that is the whole of the matter."

His Majesty chuckled, and the two gentlemen laughed outright.

"I thought we should arrive at the lady before we had done," observed the King. "I begin to have a glimmering of the case, Mr. Langford. Prithee proceed."

"There is no more to say, your Majesty, save that soon after the Parliament confiscated my estates and would have laid me by the heels, had not Captain Jacobus warned me. Then I took the road with the Captain, 'listed myself as volunteer under Colonel Penruddock, and—and so here I am, your Majesty," I concluded lamely.

"Ay, ay," said the King, kindly. "Well, better days will come, man. As to this Manning—where is Mr. Manning at this time, Sir John?"

"Two days agone he came spurring to the City of Rouen," replied Sir John Mennes. "He would have pulled the house about our ears, because we would not tell him where to find your Majesty. He took it very much upon the huff at last, and rode off swearing hotly that were your Majesty this side o' the water he would unearth you at last. 'His father's blood boiled within him,' quoth he, 'and kept him from sleep,' to think on such a campaign going forward without him," added Sir John, drily.

The King shrugged his shoulders, with a whimsical twist of countenance.

"My friends are so zealous," said he. "Never monarch had such friends, I do verily believe:" and taking his chin in his hands, his Majesty appeared to muse.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, after a

pause, "we must e'en hazard it, and the event will be as it must. You will take this paper with the three seals, Mr. Langford, to Colonel Penruddock—no, stay!—to Captain Jacobus. 'Tis an adventure to fit Jacobus. Tell the Captain what to do with it, but say nothing to Penruddock, nor to anyone. Then, if the treasure resolve itself into a mare's-nest, no one will be disappointed, and I'll warrant Jacobus will not be a loser in the transaction: while if there are three thousand pounds to be gained, Jacobus is the man for the job. Salisbury, then, is the point of attack: you are to carry my commands to Colonel Sir John Penruddock and Sir Joseph Wagstaff to march upon Salisbury immediately, and thence advance on London. Or, if it is better in their judgment to make further inroads upon the West Country before approaching London, let them do so. That must depend upon Sir Marmaduke Darcy and the North Countrymen, of whom Rochester will doubtless send us tidings. Now, have you the message perfectly in your mind, Mr. Langford?"

"Perfectly, sire."

"You will then embark this afternoon upon the *Saint Gabriel*, a little ship belonging to my friend Mr. Francis Mansel, of Lyme Regis: and upon landing at that port, ride post to headquarters. As to Captain Jacobus—"

"I am to meet the Captain at Lyme, an it please your Majesty."

"Why, very well, then there is a piece of business well concluded," said the King, briskly, with an air of relief, so that I wondered, with Sir John Mennes, at his Majesty's indifferent demeanour, when the gain of a kingdom hung in the balance.

His Majesty then graciously invited Sir John and myself to a collation: and going before us into a room below-stairs giving on the garden, presented us to his host and hostess. The master of the house was a round, bald-headed Dutchman, with a benign countenance and bristling, up-brushed mustachios: his wife was an English lady, very grandly dressed and very demure: to whom his Majesty, methought, paid somewhat marked attention. When the cloth was drawn, and my lady, with a curtsey, gone from the room, we took our wine into the garden: a trim enclosure with red and yellow sanded

walks, and fantastical patches of tulips guarded by full-blown leaden Cupids with bended bows.

Here the King made me rehearse the tale of my adventures, whereat his Majesty was mighty entertained. So soon as I had come to an end, 'twas time for me to start. As I knelt to take my leave, the jovial King—rocking a little on his feet, for the Dutchman's

French wine was very potent—took a riband from his doublet from which a gold ring depended, and placed it round my neck.

"If time and chance decree that we meet not again, although I hope we may, Mr. Langford, this trinket may remind you of a merry meeting," said the King. "A good voyage to you, sir."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FRENCH GENTLEMAN WITH RED HAIR.

THE grey of the morning had turned to gold in the afternoon: and upon quitting the King's lodging, accompanied by Sir John Mennes, I walked along the plangent quays, between the tall, shining houses and the glittering sea, in a glory of sunlight, my head humming with excitement and the wine. The *Saint Gabriel* was a fore-and-aft rigged craft with foremast and mizzen, which lay by the wharf at the King's disposal in case of need: we boarded her, and took order for my passage: and, the master informing us that we could not sail until the ebb two hours hence, Sir John and I went ashore again to pass the time. My companion, I remember, entertained me with many witty and not over-delicate stories, which I forgot so soon as he had uttered them: and it seemed but a few minutes (in my dazed and happy condition), before I was aboard again, the sails drawing, and Sir John Mennes, perilously near the quay-edge, waving his plumed hat, and shouting ribald farewells.

The vessel slipped smoothly through the water before a soldiers' breeze: and I watched the houses and spires shrinking, until, with the setting sun flashing upon the windows, the city looked like a jewelled toy dropt upon the sand-bank: when I became aware that I was not the only passenger aboard. A tall man in a slouched hat, a good deal muffled about the neck, stood by the cook's galley, smoking a cigarro, the scent of which, extremely nauseating to an unstable sailor, first drew my notice to him. He was clean shaven and tanned as black as an Egyptian: with an odd combination, dark eyes and red hair, that took my fancy. My gentleman was staring at me, as I at him: and I thought it only civil to cross the deck and salute him.

"Give you good-den, sir," I said, bowing as well as I could for the ship.

The stranger shook his head, smiled, removed his hat with a large gesture, and said something in French, of which language I have no skill. There was clearly no more to be done: so with another congee, I left the foreigner to himself; and the breeze freshening as the sun went down, sickness came heavily upon me, and I went and lay down in my bunk. All that night the pains of hell gat hold upon me, and I lay on my back, groaning, helpless, and in total darkness. It must have been close on midnight, when a last horror came upon me. I felt light cold touches as of fingers, or rats' feet, passing over my face and breast: but I could not lift hand or foot in my defence; and so far gone was I, that I suffered the terror with a kind of indifference. Presently the visitation ceased; and when morning came, and I revived somewhat, I put it down to rats, or a trick of imagination, and thought no more of it. At any rate, if it were the Frenchman, or a thief of any sort, he had taken nothing from my pocket; for the paper with the three seals and the King's gift were safe where I had placed them.

All that day and night, and the day following, we fled before a favourable wind: but the pitching of that little cock-boat wrought such sore disruption in my inwards that I held no further commerce with the red-haired stranger, and little enough with anyone, being glad to roll myself in my cloak, and snatch a dog-sleep in the sun, whenever I felt a trifle better; yet I contracted a violent hatred of the man, for that he would be always smoking his cursed cigarro to windward of me.

Upon the evening of the second day, we moored alongside the Cobb of Lyme

(for so the natives name the curving harbour wall), and taking my valise in hand, I set out directly for Lyme Regis Church, where Captain Jacobus had appointed to meet me. The blunt grey building was plain to see from the Cobb, standing above the stepped roofs of the houses where they climbed the hill-side, the chequered fields behind, green and brown, rising into the pale sky. At first the solid ground seemed to heave beneath my feet as I walked, but presently subsided somewhat. I was glad to be ashore again, tramping the solid earth, with the breeze from landward blowing country odours in my face. Upon entering the churchyard, I marked the figure of the Captain perched on a great square tombstone, gazing out to sea, where was a conflagration of sunset like the burning of a city. His back was towards me, and the smoke of his pipe floated in whorls about him.

Treading softly among the long grass and the graves, I clapped a hand upon his shoulder.

"In the King's name!" I cried.

Jacobus leaped to his feet with an oath, and attempted instantly to cover his surprise in hearty greetings.

"I have been," he said when they were done, "awaiting you in this accursed graveyard two days and a night, Anthony;" and I thought he looked mighty weary about the eyes, "all alone among the dead mariners, till I began to think I had died myself without knowing it. And the wind crying in my ears the while something I could never put words to: and the sea awash below, and the gulls calling and flying close, and looking into my eyes. . . . And if I fell asleep in the sun there was always a stirring and a rustling, and when I awoke something gray and thin I could never rightly see flitting behind the tombs. And in the night . . . I tell you, boy, I believe the drowned men come up out o' the deep o' nights in troops. Why should they not? Answer me that. Dead is not dead—not as we think. 'Sblood! Anthony, these buried mariners are not dead enough for me!" said Jacobus, stamping on the ground so that his spur rang. "Another night, and I should ha' talked with them face to face."

He spoke quite simply and quietly, looking gravely at me the while, although a certain terror lay evidently behind his

words. Of all men in the world I should least have suspected the Captain of a superstitious seizure; and a foolish shiver ran down my back as I listened.

"Why the devil, then," I cried, "do you hold tryst in a graveyard? Faith! next time you shall sail the salt seas, and I will abide among the tombs. It may be unhealthy, but, body o' me! 'tis the Garden of Eden compared with the belly of a ship. For God's sake, man, come and dine. I have had no food for two days and two nights."

"Why, you look a trifle tallowy and gaunt," observed Jacobus, with a sudden return to his wonted manner. "I can pick a bit myself. Come down to the Blue Garland."

Arm-in-arm we turned our backs upon the bleak shadows of the windy graveyard, and marched down the steep street in the shrewd spring twilight to the principal inn, where Jacobus, quite himself again, ordered everything in the house to be prepared instantly. Then I recounted all that had befallen since we parted. The Captain listened with the most lively attention, interjecting questions and caustic observations.

"Y'have done very well, my son," he observed, when I had concluded. "Ye have made his Majesty your friend, and, mark me, the King will be a trump card presently. We may not win this round, nor the next; but meanwhile, remember, Oliver ripens fast for hell. As to your friend Manning, I like him not, Anthony. He is too sweet and plausible a gentleman: people are not made so. Charlie Stuart did very right to send the paper of seals to me. To-morrow at sun-up, then, I will ride to Colonel Penruddock at Compton Chamberlain, while you strike out for the Hampshire contingent; both regiments to muster at Salisbury two days hence, on second April."

"Why, the Chief Justice and the judges will be on circuit in the city, now I bethink me," I said.

"So much the worse for them," remarked Jacobus, "and the better for us. 'Twill shew the country we care nought for rebel administrations. My Lord Protector will be vastly pleased when he hears of his right worshipful justices all a-row kicking heels in hemp."

We were sitting over our wine by this time. Although there remained no trace in the Captain's bearing of his singular lapse in the churchyard, yet

there lurked the hint of a question in his glance, a tincture of doubt in his manner. I knew what he would be at: a man of his mould would sooner be torn in pieces than stoop to explain or to condone his own momentary weakness: while vanity pricked him to discover whether I thought the less of him for such an exhibition; and I cast about how to ease his mind.

"You were speaking of spiritual visitations but now," I began, at a pause in the conversation. Jacobus looked

in my berth: and he said it was a strange thing: and thereupon passed to discussion of our plan of action. But I noted that he regarded me now with a restful eye.

It was arranged that if, directly upon my arrival at Salisbury, Penruddock's force held the city, I should proceed to the house of Mayor Phelps: and that if Jacobus were not there, I should seek him in the Beggars' Chapel in Grovely Wood. If Penruddock had not arrived before me, I was still to proceed to



"HIS BACK WAS TOWARDS ME"

up suspiciously. "Well, I do not rate myself a coward, but I suffered an experience on ship-board that sucked me out the very dregs of courage. I do not shame to say it, and yet it was a very trifling affair, when all's told. I suppose there is no man ever lived that terror has not gripped his entrails, at one time or another. Do you not think so yourself, Captain?"

"Why, yes," said Jacobus, indifferently, "and what kind of a demon laid his claws upon you, Anthony?"

I told him of the prying fingers that touched me when I lay sick and helpless

Mayor Phelps's; where, if I did not find the Captain, I was to await him. Jacobus had brought my grey gelding, the gift of pretty Mrs. Beatrix, and stabled him with his own horse. The mention of the nags reminded him that we should go and see how they did before we went to bed; and he hallo'd for a lanthorn. The landlord, a blue-faced, crapulous person, brought it himself.

"Does this gentleman sleep here to-night, sir?" he enquired of the Captain.

"What do you mean by that?"

returned Jacobus, sharply. "Did I not bespeak a room for Mr. Langford three days agone?"

"Mr. Langford," said the man, staring angrily at me. "Which is Mr. Langford, then? Are there two Mr. Langfords? Or have I been made a fool of?"

"Go to," said Jacobus. "Y're drunk. This is Mr. Langford, sot. What the devil are you talking about?"

A ridiculous bewilderment crept upon the landlord's shaggy visage. "Why, then, I have been made a fool of," said he helplessly. "And the nag gone too. As God's-my-life, 'twas no fault of mine, sirs. The gentleman looked a gentleman, sure enough, and—"

"Just tell the story, if you please," said Jacobus, sternly. He was sitting upon the table, swinging a leg, according to his habit. The bulky landlord stood quaking before him like a school-boy at fault, the great horn stable-lanthorn, smokily alight, dangling from his finger.

"I am telling you, sir," said the miserable man. "'Twas just this way, sirs," looking appealingly at me, "just this way, as I was saying. Just about sun-down—ay, scarce a half-an-hour afore ye come in yourselves, sirs—in marches a great gentleman hot-foot. 'Has a gentleman left a horse here for Mr. Langford?' says he. 'Are you Mr. Langford?' I asked of him, and he stares at me fierce. 'Of course,' he says. 'My service to you, sir,' I says, 'Mr. Simeon'" [the name the Captain had adopted for the nonce] "'brought a led horse along wi' him, 'tis in stable now. Belike 'tis the nag your honour means.' 'What is the beast like?' he asked. 'A grey gelding,' I tells him. 'That's my horse,' quo' he. 'Saddle him quick's you can. Mr. Simeon is awaiting me, is he not,' says he. 'Surely,' I says, 'and I expect him to come in every next moment,' says I, 'for's dinner.' 'Do you so?' says he, 'well, 'tis a mighty pity I cannot wait. Present my compliments to Mr. Simeon, and belike he and I will meet in Salisbury,' says he, and by that time the gelding was brought round, and my gentleman tosses Tom ostler a crown, vaults into saddle, drives spurs in, and off at a cruel hard gallop over t' cobbles."

I broke into a laugh as the man paused with dropped jaw, gazing timorously at Jacobus, who was gnawing his moustachios.

"And why did you not tell me all this

before, sirrah?" demanded the Captain, so fiercely that the man gave back a step.

"God forgive me," he whined, "it went clean out o' my head."

"What was the man like? Describe him!" said Jacobus.

"I marked not what he wore," said the man, "but a' had black eyes and red hair, I will swear to 't."

I exclaimed in surprise, but the Captain went on without a pause.

"Look you, dolt," said he, "you tell me there is a nag of mine gone from your stables; well, then, you must make good the loss, and that before to-morrow morning. I have no more to say than that;" and getting leisurely from the table, Jacobus turned his back to the culprit, and spread his fingers to the fire.

"Come now, y're unreasonable, Mr. Simeon," said the landlord, sullenly. "'Tis all as I have told you. 'Twas no fault o' mine. Anything I can do to convenience the gentleman I will, such as lending him a mount for a stage or so. But to buy another nag—and 'twixt now and sun-up! It can't be done, sirs, and more," he added, encouraged by his own words, "I will not do 't. Ask your pardon, sir, but how do I know the red-haired gentleman and yourself are not acquaint?"

I do not know whether the Captain, finding his will opposed, acted merely from force of habit, forgetting his disguise—for he was posing as Mr. Gabriel Simeon, wool-stapler—or whether his passion for effect overcame all other considerations. However it was, at the innkeeper's last words he turned swiftly upon him, lugging out a pistol, and levelled it at his head.

"Take the door, Anthony," said Jacobus; and I crossed the room and leaned against the panel. I was thus behind the landlord, so that he could not see me striving with laughter.

"Now then, Master Nick-and-Froth," went on the Captain, falling into his professional manner, "I have no time to waste, and (if you will believe me) no more have you. Half-a-minute is not a long time wherein to make ready for death, is it?—especially for a man of your habits. And yet, sirrah, 'tis all you possess unless you give me an undertaking to furnish me a good nag before sunrise. I will take thirty broad pieces

for a bond, meanwhile. Come! I will count the seconds for you: One, two—”

“Sirs! sirs!” cried the man, “will ye do murder? Will ye murder me?”—and I could see the water start and glisten on his temple.

you would of sticking a pig. To resume. Eleven, twelve,” and Jacobus counted up to twenty-five, cocking his pistol on the word, when the fellow cried out, with a high, strangling vociferation.

“I will do it,” he said; and as the



“YOU MUST MAKE GOOD THE LOSS”

“Seven, eight, nine, ten! One moment, Innkeeper. Y’are thinking I would not dare to shoot you. Do not so deceive yourself. Let me tell you, my friend, that I am a King’s man, while you, I take it, are a bloody Roundhead; and I would make no more of killing you, than

Captain lowered his weapon, sobbed out a stream of curses.

“Tis like the letting of blood—it relieves the heart and veins, and I make a rule to allow it,” observed Jacobus to me, as if in apology. “Now I will take the thirty pieces, if you

please," said he, advancing towards the innkeeper.

The light ran coldly down the pistol-barrel: the man turned with an obedient start; and, still carrying the lanthorn, shambled before us into his private den; where he counted out the money in a sullen silence.

The Captain repaid him the amount of the reckoning; and, after seeing that the Captain's horse was cared for, we sat down to finish the bottle.

"The scurvy rogue," said Jacobus. "Tis amazing how few persons can perceive their manifest obligations save in the throat of a pistol-barrel. And what do you think of our red-haired horse-monger, Mr. Langford?"

"I think his name is Manning," I said, rather shamefacedly.

"O! do you so?" cried Jacobus; "Y'have a most uncommon penetration. I make you my compliments."

"You are to remember," I expostulated, "that the first time I saw him I had but just come from his Majesty's table; and the rest of the voyage I was sick as a dog."

"You were disguised in liquor and he was disguised in a wig, as it were," said the Captain, grinning at his jest. "Now I will read ye your ghostly riddle, Mr. Langford. The spirit's name was Manning, too; and Manning picked your

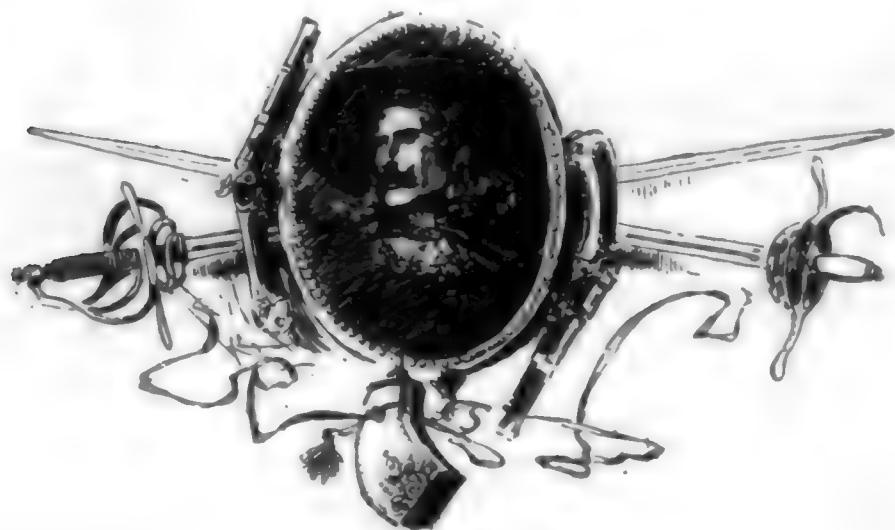
pockets to see if you had the paper of three seals. Manning is brewing a plot, boy, and doubtless thinks himself mighty clever at it. Well, I will have my spoon in the broth before all's done. And if you had but quietly put your iron through the gentleman upon a certain occasion, ye had saved a world of trouble. For a youth of parts, I sometimes think y'are a fool, Anthony."

Indeed, I thought so too. Manning had outwitted me, and was even now galloping to Salisbury upon no one knew what devil's errand; and I believed him capable of the worst crimes. 'Twas doubtless his face I saw at the window of the inn 'twixt Flushing and Middelburgh: he had tracked me like a dog; and, dolt that I was, I could have stabbed myself.

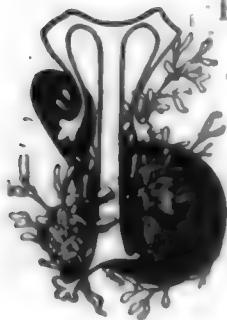
"Let us start to-night, for God's sake, Captain," I said. But Jacobus would not hear of it.

"You do not know what is in front of you, lad. Sleep you must, or you cannot go through with it. Y'are thinking of the girl, I know very well; but content you, she hath her father, hath she not? At any rate, we could never overtake the man. Besides, y'have no horse. A lover's imagination is ever prophesying evil falsely. Go to bed and to sleep, man."

And so I did; for since we could not ride, I found myself deadly wearied.



## The Compleat Editor.



THE *Ludgate's* question was addressed to editors and ran as follows: "What is the most important feature in a journal?" Of the answers received two may be mentioned, first because of their brevity, and because they need to be read in the light

of much that follows: Mr. Massingham, of the *Daily Chronicle*, and Mr. Ernest Parke, of the *Star*, answer in the same words: "Latest news." Now, if you know the papers in question, you will know that the bearings of that saying lie in the application of it, and what that application should be. If you do not, and still burn to become an editor, read the more detailed communications which are printed hereafter.

The Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., editor of the *Bookman* and the *British Weekly*, among various other successful papers and magazines, gives you a good description of the characteristics marking his journals: "In my opinion the most important feature in a journal is paragraphs. Not that a paper can live by paragraphs alone: a certain number of good and interesting articles are indispensable, but unless the element of news is provided, and provided largely, and unless a substantial portion of this news is fresh, I do not think a paper can possibly succeed. The movement in modern journalism has been steadily growing towards the paragraph, as may be easily seen from a comparison between the first number of the *Daily News* and the issues published now. This movement has by no means reached its goal, and it will more and more affect the other parts of newspapers, making articles shorter and rather of an informing than of a didactic kind."

Next comes Mr. F. A. Atkins, of *The Young Man*, *The Young Woman* and *The Home Messenger*, who writes: "It is somewhat difficult to say which is the leading feature in a magazine. Judging

by the extent to which the newspapers quote from my magazines I should at once conclude that our Illustrated Interviews and Character Sketches form the most popular feature. But if I chose to be guided by the extent of our correspondence I should have to say that no feature is so widely popular as our Answers to Correspondents. It would be much easier to answer your question if it referred to a weekly paper in which there are regular features. For instance, in reading *Black and White* week by week I always begin with 'The Smoking Room'; then I turn to 'The World We Live In'; and after that I read whatever happens to come next. But in a magazine there are few regular features, if any, and therefore a definite reply to your inquiry is almost impossible. But, dealing with the subject in a general way, I should say there can be no doubt that the three leading features are Illustrated Interviews, Short Stories and articles dealing with literature. I am convinced that there is an ever increasing demand for literary articles. In the midst of a busy life many men are quite unable to read and master the greatest books, and so they are thankful to any capable critic who will read the best works, boil them down, get the heart and essence out of them, and then serve up the result in the attractive form of a brief magazine article. I suppose 'The Book of the Week,' has always been the feature of the *Weekly Sun*, and I am bound to say that, in *The Young Man* at all events, nothing appears to have pleased my readers more than papers on great books, when such papers have been written with genuine knowledge, sound sense, and genial sympathy. I know you will say that a man ought to read books instead of magazine articles about books, and I fully agree with you. But I believe it is the experience of most publishers that so far from such articles limiting the sale of a book they are the best possible aid to its wider circulation. Some misguided people seem to suppose that the 'leading

feature' of a magazine is its size. They are altogether wrong. A man would much rather pay sixpence for eighty pages of thoroughly live and up-to-date matter—with no padding—than for a hundred and fifty pages, only a third part of which can be regarded as readable and attractive."

Next, by way of a contrast, may be quoted the opinion of the editor of *Leslie's Weekly*, New York, who discloses the existence on that side of a state of affairs which, in all likelihood, journalists in England will never have to face: "The conditions of weekly journalism in the United States differ essentially from those which obtain in Great Britain. The weekly illustrated newspaper in this country is compelled to face an alert and aggressive rivalry in the Sunday newspaper and the cheap magazine. In England the former at least of these competitors is unknown. The development of the Sunday newspaper has been the most striking feature of American journalism during the last two or three decades. In all our larger cities every considerable daily has a distinctive Sunday edition, which is usually from three to four times as large in the number of its pages and the quantity of its contents as the ordinary issue. These Sunday issues, containing the latest news, with all the features which go to make up a complete journal, are delivered at remote distances by special trains at comparatively early hours in the morning. In the summer season especially they are placed, by means of these quick trains, within the reach of hundreds of thousands at the seaside and inland resorts, as well as in all the villages within a radius of hundreds of miles. Up to three or four years ago very few of these Sunday editions were illustrated. Now, each one of our great dailies maintains a staff of artists for the express service of illustrating the Sunday and daily issues. While their pictorial features do not as yet measure up to very high artistic standards, they serve to satisfy a certain popular taste and blunt the edge of the public appetite for fuller and more accurate representations of the incidents and events which they depict. Then, recently, the Sunday newspapers have added largely to their interest by the introduction of literary features of very considerable merit. Nearly all of them,

under arrangement with the syndicates, publish the stories of the foremost writers of the day, and have other departments devoted to science, to art, and fashion, which are 'written up' by competent specialists. It goes without saying that these conditions act unfavourably upon the weekly illustrated newspaper. It has no longer a monopoly of the market which once exclusively belonged to it. This becomes the more apparent when it is remembered that within the last two or three years magazine publications have been greatly cheapened in price. There are now a number which are sold over the counter at ten cents a copy, and which are especially attractive in the matter of illustrations, to which they admittedly subordinate their literary features. Facing these rivalries, the illustrated newspaper of to-day is compelled to abandon very largely the policy which formerly distinguished its management. Instead of giving its attention exclusively to the illustration of timely news events, it now seeks to portray chiefly those events which are determinative of the thought and life of the times, and have in their relation to history a permanent as well as an immediate value. Such a journal must artistically meet and satisfy the demands of a constantly-improving popular taste, and it must, along with this, supply its readers with the best literature, avoiding the sensational and fleshly. It must be at once newspaper and magazine. We believe that a weekly newspaper that gives its readers good and timely pictures, stories and verse of the highest order, sketches and portraits of interesting and conspicuous personages, terse and fearless criticism of social tendencies and movements, will in this country hold its own against all competition, because it will appeal to the average intelligence and taste, being on the one hand neither too high for the mass of the reading public, nor on the other too low for the more educated and scholarly classes. And we are sure that in point of usefulness and abiding influence, such a journal will be under any circumstances a more effective factor than either of the rivals who are now seeking to expel it from its peculiar field."

Let a few other letters from American editors follow: Mr. R. U. Johnson, associate-editor of the *Century*, is ad-

mirably concise: "in reply to your question, 'What in your opinion is the most important feature in a journal?' which you say has reference to the class of journal to which *The Century* belongs, if we may be permitted to answer in one comprehensive word we should say, 'tone.'"

The editors of *The Critic*, America's *Athenæum*, are Mr. Joseph B. Gilder and his sister, Miss Jeannette L. Gilder. Their united opinion is as follows: "Permit us to say that, viewed from our own standpoint, the most important feature of such a journal as the one we ourselves conduct is the prompt and impartial reviewing of all new publications that deserve to be reviewed at all. This is the first and great *desideratum*. Next in importance we should place the gathering and dissemination of literary news—not only about books and authors of well established reputation, but about those, also, that have made a strong, though it may be not a lasting, impression on the popular mind. The demand of the day is, first of all, freshness. The need of the day may be something else. But we fancy that the importance of a feature in any journal is to be measured by its value as a contributor to the journal's success—or at least that this is the sense in which the word important is used in your inquiry." An interesting fact, which bears on the question under discussion, may perhaps be added. *The Critic* means its reviews to be authoritative, and thus no book by any member of its staff is ever noticed in its columns: a refreshing contrast to the conduct of certain home journals.

Mr. G. W. Turner of the *New York Recorder*, is enigmatic: "Your question can be made to answer itself. The most important feature in a journal (if you mean a newspaper) is in evidence in every issue, and the public are the jury. If, perchance, you mean the most important factor in journalistic success, that—*à la Kipling*—is another story."

Mr. Herbert Vivian writes characteristically from the offices of *Give and Take*, "the Amazing Newspaper": "The most important features in any journal edited by me are, beyond a doubt, those which I write myself. Otherwise, the most important feature is that which concerns itself with foreign (and particularly Bulgarian) politics, though the

public are not sensible enough to understand this. As an *obiter dictum*, I may add that the most important features are the least popular."

Mr. David Williamson writes thus pleasantly from the offices of the *Windsor*: "In answer to your courteous request, let me say that, in my judgment, the most important feature in a journal is that which appeals to the largest section of its readers. In magazines, fiction seems to be usually this feature, possibly because people's lives are grave and grey in this work-a-day world, and because we are more discontented than our forefathers with our own lots, and therefore love to be thrilled with more adventurous careers and more brilliant environments. 'The most important feature' has therefore come to be the portion of the magazine which most quickly transports us in a railway train of thought from where and what we are to scenes and circumstances of greater interest."

Mr. C. A. Pearson writes: "The word 'journal' is a wide one, and its application in my case is wide too, for I conduct all kinds of journals, their scope varying from ladies' weeklies, and purely practical dressmaking papers to what I fondly imagine to be a high-class magazine. It seems to me that to make the journal interesting is the great point I always endeavour in all my papers to avoid anything whatever in the shape of padding, and to publish nothing which will not be interesting to everybody who is a subscriber. I do not believe in special articles, though certainly, I have one on stamp collecting in *Pearson's Weekly*, but this is a subject in which so many are interested that it almost comes under the general category. However nicely you may illustrate a paper or magazine, however well you may print it, however much you may advertise it, I do not believe that it will ever attain anything like enduring success unless you study above everything the *general interest* of its contents."

Mr. J. Penderel Brodhurst, editor of the *St. James's Budget*, is great on the importance of securing the support of women: "I entertain no doubt whatever that 'the most important feature' in any journal—with a few exceptions, which will occur to everybody—is the matter primarily intended for women. However much the more austere of us

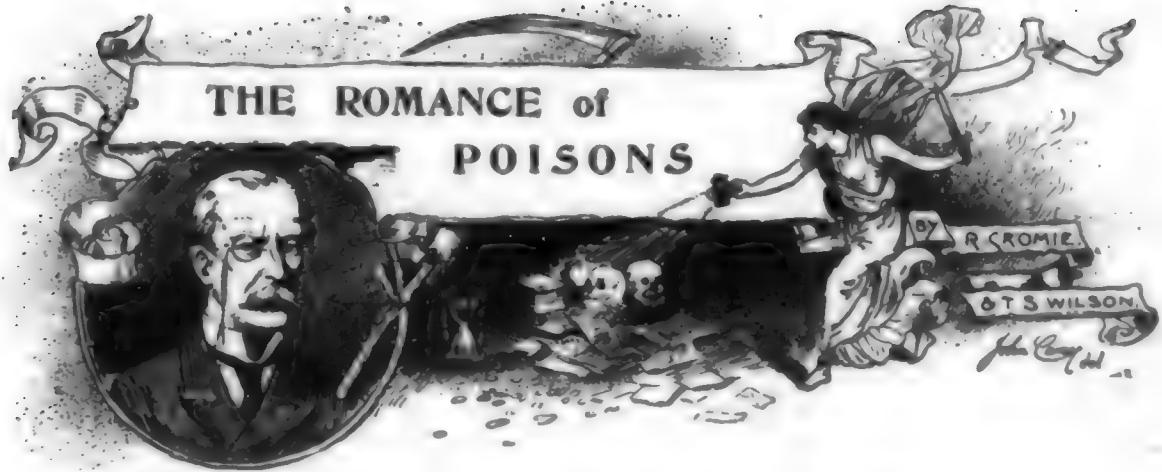
may affect to ignore it, the fact remains that most periodical publications are chiefly supported by women. I except, of course, most of the daily newspapers, which, containing a highly disproportionate dose of politics, cannot be very attractive to ladies. Most women know little about politics, and care still less. What they do want, and what they certainly read with avidity and far more critically than some of us might suppose, are those lighter features of a journal which—while not, perhaps, avowedly intended for them—would probably not be there at all were it not for feminine patronage. Of such are fiction, serial and other, and the columns of gossip—often light, sometimes brilliant, and generally splendidly mendacious—which have achieved so extreme a popularity during the last few years. No editor who valued—I will not say his peace of mind, for that he formally renounces, along with many other pomps and vanities, upon taking his uneasy seat—but who took any thought for his circulation, would dream of going without a fashion article. *The Times* is, I believe, the only newspaper in England which never writes about the fashions; but *The Times* can do as it pleases—just as a Duke may, without reproach, go about in frayed trousers. Even publications which are otherwise un-illustrated often embellish their pages with seductive

sketches of gracious goddesses clad in the gorgeous raiment which is just 'coming in.' Everywhere we find column after column of chat and hints in which a woman may learn everything she ought to know and a great deal which she would be the better for not knowing. This extensive literary provision for women is, comparatively speaking, a new thing. Time was, and that not so long ago, when this kind of thing was expected only in certain directions; but now nearly every editor is ruled, in the last resort, by his feminine readers. Whether this be a good thing or otherwise, I need not discuss here and now. I do not argue; *je constate.*"

Mr. Arthur Symons, of *The Savoy*, writes: "You ask me what, in my opinion, is the most important feature in a journal? In my opinion, certainly, the Editor—and his contributions."

And finally, Mr. Gleeson White, on behalf of himself and Mr. C. H. Shannon, the art editor of *The Pageant*, says: "We think first, that an editor should carefully select the audience to whom he means to appeal, and having decided, should do his utmost to give it the best of that particular sort it believes to be best. Thus, *The Pageant*, which aims to preserve the link between the Art of the past and the present, limits its efforts to subjects which it believes will interest those whose tastes are in sympathy."





ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON

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### THE HERMIT OF LETTERFRACK.

"I AM getting on," Surgeon-Colonel Hedsford said to himself, as the hansom wherein he was seated bowled rapidly along a London thoroughfare. "I am certainly becoming famous in my own particular line. When I undertook that Royal Standard case I little thought it would eventually land me in—"

"Downing Street, sir," the cabman said through the trap-door, and pulled up suddenly. Hedsford alighted, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of the Prime Minister, to whom he was duly presented by the Home Secretary.

"The business on which we have taken the unusual course of summoning you to a private conference here," the Premier said, in a serious voice, "is, as you will have surmised, of extreme importance. Your record both in the Indian Medical Service and since as a toxicological expert is, of course, well known to us, and in consequence we have decided to trust implicitly to your judgment."

The specialist bowed his acknowledgments.

"This document," the Prime Minister continued, "contains a tabulated list of deaths in various countries of persons who apparently died from natural causes, but whose lives we believe to have been sacrificed for political reasons. From General B—, Governor of the Prison in Sevastopol, or Von S—, Chief of the Berlin Police, to poor Ralston, an Irish resident magistrate, every man in this list has certainly forfeited his life in the discharge of his

duty. This cannot be the work of a society, or the secret could not have been so rigidly preserved; nor can it be the work of an ordinary Anarchist or assassin. The crimes are, we are satisfied, committed by a scientific murderer, and we depend on you to hang him." The Prime Minister spoke warmly.

"I see there is no column in this table dealing with the cause of death or supposed cause," said Hedsford, seriously.

"No, the cause of death is precisely what we wish you to deal with."

"And you will find," put in the Home Secretary, "in the succeeding pages of the document you hold in your hand a detailed report of the symptoms in every case. All the cases bear some slight resemblance to each other, as much as would suggest a common origin of disease; but the evidence deducible is very inexact, and so far we have only suspicions, which we look to you to turn into facts."

A long conversation followed, in which Hedsford was taken into the unreserved confidence of the Ministers, and learned their reason for suspecting that the murderer, whose victims were scattered over the whole of Europe, was a citizen of Great Britain.

Surgeon-Colonel Hedsford left Downing Street armed with extraordinary and almost unprecedented powers. But the importance and difficulty of his mission justified the freedom of action with which he had been entrusted.

\* \* \*

The House on the Moor was a lonely place for an English sportsman out of

health to spend his holiday. As described in the advertisement which had attracted Frank Marshall's attention, it was a handsome country house, replete with all the resources of civilisation, and surrounded by great natural beauties—an oasis the more delightful from the vastness of the Connemara desert in which it was situated. When Marshall arrived at the place he found a large building, very much out of repair, standing alone on a strip of desolate moorland on the Atlantic seaboard. The moor was not so large as stated in the advertisement, nor the game on it so plentiful, and the house was absolutely devoid of the resources which had been promised. There was but one item "up to sample"—the mountains! Had it not been for these, the shooting tenant would soon have repudiated his bargain. But the mountains held him. The great gloomy peaks, whose cloud-crowned summits rarely showed clear from the Atlantic mists, delighted the young Englishman, whose life had been passed in flat pasture-lands, where the horizon is usually limited to the nearest hedge. So Marshall remained for a time contentedly at the House on the Moor.

Viancani, the master of the house, was a moody man, whose moroseness was ascribed to his solitary life by the public of Letterfrack, the only village in the neighbourhood. This solitude was interrupted once a year, when, in the shooting season, the hermit of the Moor House was able, by means of a glowing advertisement, to induce some sportsman to share his loneliness. Few of the visitors stayed out their time. Many went away in their first week—some white-faced, silent, refusing all manner of comment on their action. And none ever came back. When Marshall sauntered down the single street of Letterfrack a couple of days after his arrival, the gossips scanned him curiously, and old women nodded wisely to each other and whispered: "It's him that's stayin' at the House on the Moor." The shopkeepers served him sullenly; the gauger held aloof; and with Marshall assuredly the police were reticent.

This absolute boycott, which Marshall early perceived, applied not only to the master of the house but to the stranger within its gates, roused the racial obstinacy of the Englishman. Viancani was a depressing companion; and there

was, in sober truth, something about his house, apart from its traditions, which Marshall did not like and could not describe. There were nights when he had nightmares more horrible than the most fantastic imaginings of the insane—when he heard, or thought he heard, weird sounds, very terrible but very low, as if of muffled agony. And yet, when he sprang from his bed affrighted, he could hear nothing. The house would then be in silence—a silence so deep that, like the darkness of Egypt, it could be felt. It was altogether decidedly unpleasant; but Frank Marshall would let the imaginative villagers see the difficulty of turning an Englishman from the even tenor of his own way.

One morning, at breakfast, Viancani noticed his "paying guest" sniffing critically at the unkempt appearance of the old woman who acted as housekeeper and general servant.

"You don't seem to admire Bridget," the master of the house said when the woman had left the room.

"'Admire' is scarcely the word," Marshall replied. "I wonder why you keep such a dreadful hag about the place."

"She suits me," Viancani said with an insolent ring in his voice.

"Then she does not suit me. And I should count for something. Or my money should count for something."

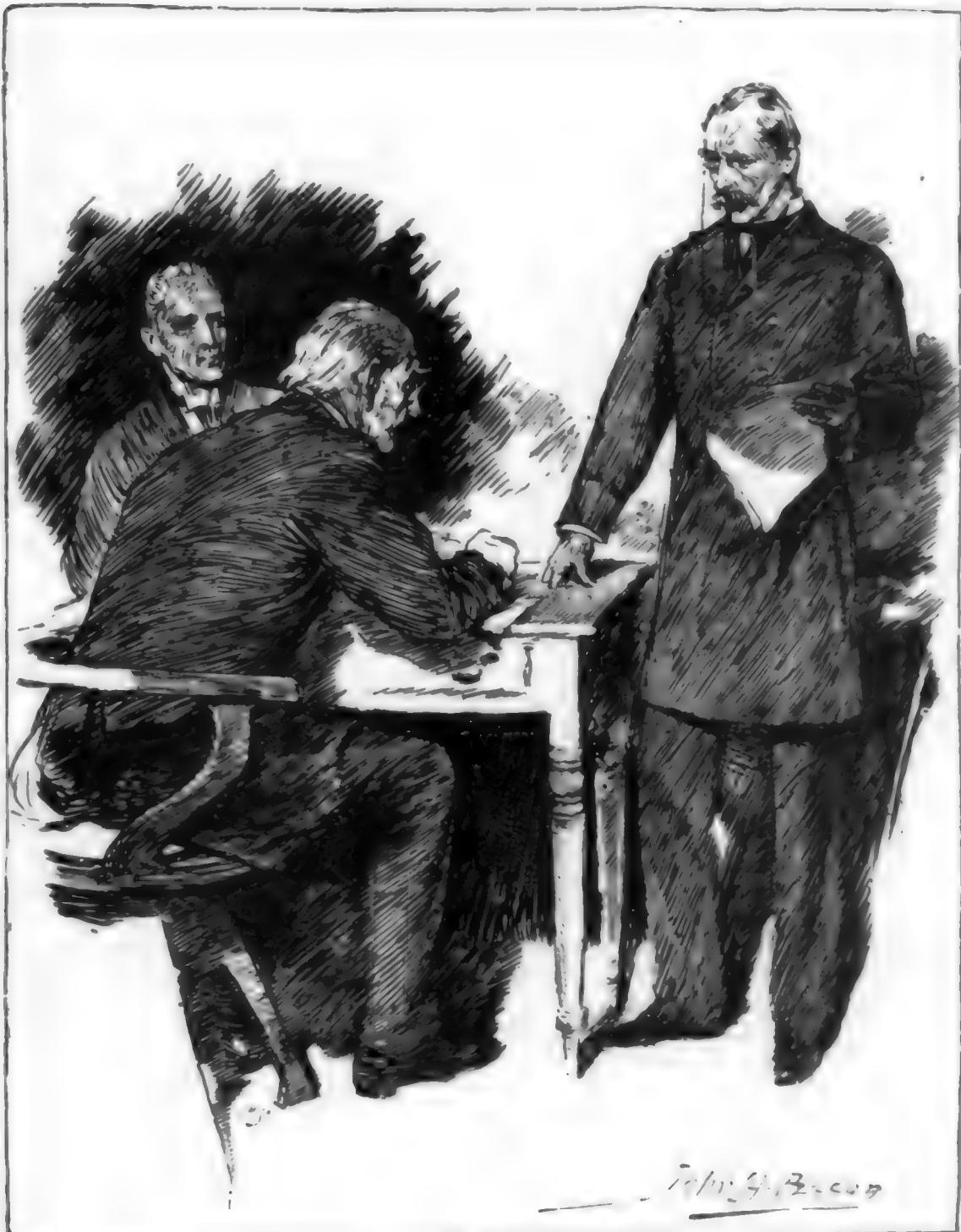
"Your money counts for nothing with me," Viancani answered lazily, pulling the ears of Bridget's cat—an enormous and evil-looking beast at sight of which, when alone at night, many an honest man of Letterfrack had piously crossed himself.

"If my money does not count why do you take it?" Marshall's temper was rising, but he spoke as calmly as the other.

"You wouldn't remain if I did not."

"Certainly not; but why do you advertise your house when you do not want the rent?"

"My young friend," Viancani said slowly, "if I answered that my affairs are not your business I do not think you would have any right to complain. But I do not wish, so far as you are concerned, to remain within my rights. I will tell you, therefore, one reason why I let my rooms during the shooting season. I have few acquaintances in the place and no friends. I do not care



"WE DEPEND ON YOU TO HANG HIM"

for the local *canaille*. And yet I cannot be always alone. It gets on my nerves. That does not suit me. That's one reason for your presence here."

"There are others?"

"Yes; I will name one other. I like you. Some of my previous visitors, or lodgers, I did not like, and so got rid of them when I tired of their company. They went away without notice to quit." Viancani smiled grimly.

"I understand. You frightened them off. I know how you did it." This was a bow drawn partly at a venture.

Viancani glanced swiftly under his heavy eyebrows at Marshall. It was a sudden and a startled glance. But the Englishman's face was as easily read as an open book, and what the master of the house read in it seemed to please him. The subject was immediately changed and never afterwards alluded to by either. One thing Marshall began to see more clearly as time passed: the friendship of the hermit of Letterfrack was really unaffected and sincere.

They were a curious pair of friends: the one a mere boy, thinking only of

sport, health, every passing pretty girl, and of castles in Spain—purposeless: the other, an old man, though his hair was still coal-black, full of the knowledge of books, versed in the topics of every capital in Europe and living in a ruined house on a Connemara moor the better to safeguard his great purpose. Two months they lived thus as friends, and Marshall forgot his repugnance to the hideous Bridget and hardly noticed the growing influence over him which Viancani seemed to gain without striving for.

There was also another influence which helped to keep Marshall in Connemara besides Viancani and his moor, and his splendid mountains — Norah O'Connor, postal and telegraph clerk at Letterfrack. In most of the smaller Irish country towns and in the larger villages the telegraph clerk is a girl, and nearly always a good-looking girl. She has a fixed salary from the Government and perquisites in the shape of the good wishes of the police in the larger villages, and the patronage of the bank clerks in the smaller towns. She is an American "school marm" *in excelsis*. Norah was a tall, handsome girl with blue-black hair and bright blue eyes. She had been told by commercial travellers that she was the handsomest girl in Connaught, and had accepted their evidence as valid.

It was a pleasant change for Frank Marshall, after a long day on the dreary moors, to drop into the post-office for his letters and find himself actually within arm's length of a real telegraphic instrument and sometimes within less than that of the telegraphist. Norah had been sternly patriotic before the young Englishman came to the House on the Moor, but after his arrival she took a broader view of politics, and before he was there a month she was cosmopolitan. Marshall's dress, appearance and manner were a revelation to the simple Irish girl. He won her heart so easily that at first he was inclined to value his conquest lightly. He changed his mind later.

They were walking, Norah and Marshall, one evening during the hour which Norah had "off," after the despatch of the evening mail. It was a dull grey winter evening. Signs of a coming storm were plentiful. The clouds were hurrying landward from the ocean and

the seabirds were crying distraught. The mountain tops had disappeared in mists and the moor was deserted. The haggard denizens of the bogs had huddled into their draughty cabins, and the solitude was complete. This intense loneliness of scene deeply oppressed Norah. She walked silently by Marshall's side without making any effort to combat the gloomy influence of the Connemara wilderness. At last Marshall said suddenly:

"A penny for your thoughts." He did not altogether understand the girl's silence, because he knew nothing of the strange alternate merriness or melancholy of the Celtic character, so mercurial, so electric: the Irish barometer itself is not more changeable.

"A penny is not much, but I cannot charge you for what is yours already." Norah answered demurely and with only the merest twinkle in her blue eyes. Her mood had already changed. Then, as he was about to interrupt, she put her right hand in his and said with an earnestness that was pathetic:

"Frank Marshall, if you care for me as much as you have told me you will leave the House on the Moor at once."

"My dear child, the House on the Moor is all right. Don't mind the local gossips."

"I don't mind the gossips, but I do mind the queer telegrams Viancani gets every day in the week, and the letters with foreign stamps and postmarks, and other things."

"What sort of telegrams are they?"

"Oh, I shouldn't have said that—I have broken a regulation——"

"My dear little government official I shall not report you. And don't worry about Viancani and his telegrams. They don't concern me. Now we're getting close to the village, I'll say good evening. No, you are not going off like that. It's quite dark. No one can see. Only one? Rubbish! Half-a-dozen at the very least!"

Viancani was waiting on the lawn for Marshall. The paying guest was very late in arriving at the Moor House, for after seeing Norah O'Connor into Letterfrack he had visited the protestant clergyman, the parish priest, and lastly the District Inspector of police. It was after twelve o'clock when Marshall opened the rusty gate and strode up the short avenue. He found Viancani

strangely excited, and evidently under the influence of drink—a thing without precedent. It was soon evident that whatever stimulants Viancani had taken, his extraordinary excitement was mainly owing to mental trouble. It is true that he had been drinking the poisonous poteen of the neighbourhood in default of a more palatable substitute, and the effect of this on a man unaccustomed to it is not agreeable to the drinker himself, or any one in his vicinity.

"I thought you would never come," Viancani said with a gasp. "The hag—as you call her—Bridget, has gone to her grandchild. There is no one in the house but myself, and that beast of a cat. I think I'll shoot it. I detest the thing. Come in, I am feeling devilish low. I wish you would sit with me for an hour."

"An hour? Oh, certainly!"

Viancani led the way to a large room in which Marshall had never been previously, explaining that the whole house was upset by the industry of some women whom he had brought in to effect a complete cleaning. To this annual visitation Bridget had a conscientious objection, and she had many times proved her courage in her own convictions by postponing the early spring cleaning until the late autumn. When the inevitable arrived she usually went to visit her grandchild until the sacrilege was over.

There was no carpet on the floor. The footsteps of the two men sounded loudly on the bare boards. Furniture of all sorts, chairs, tables, desks and pictures were piled indiscriminately in one corner. The ceiling was discoloured with damp, and broken in many places, and the plaster hung ominously in detached slices ready to fall on the least provocation. Great, dust-choked cobwebs, whose owning spiders were long since dead, hung in a gruesome arras to the cornices. The place was nothing better than a lumber-room, and not good enough for that. Marshall heartily wished himself elsewhere—anywhere out of Connaught. It suggested the other place.

Viancani with his hand sheltered the candle he was carrying carefully from the strong draught which blew freshly through the room. As no candlestick

was forthcoming, he jammed the candle roughly into the neck of an empty poteen bottle, breaking it midway in the process. The upper half hung over and guttered down on the table. So far



"MY DEAR CHILD, THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR  
IS ALL RIGHT"

every detail seemed fitting—a complement to the whole surroundings. One artistic touch remained to complete the picture. It was competently supplied by the uninvited presence of Bridget's cat.

The cat came in unpretentiously, and calmly approached the master of the house. He sprang to his feet with a scream, and hurled his tumbler at it. The tumbler missed its mark, and was shattered against the wall, while the cat

jumped through the window with an ugly crash of broken glass.

"Thank God it's gone!" Viancani said in a broken voice, drying his dripping forehead. "Have a drink."

"I will; but I can't touch that stuff. Try this." Marshall produced a full flask and set it on the table.

"Drink your own and I'll drink mine. I prefer it. It bites. And I have a story to tell you."

"It is very late, and I am tired out. To-morrow night."

"Not to-morrow night. This night.

agreed with a pretence at cheerfulness which he was far from feeling. Norah O'Connor's warning against the House on the Moor and its master was becoming painfully prominent in his mind. But something impelled him to put on a bold face. He took a pull from his flask, lit a cigar, stretched out his legs comfortably, and said: "Fire away."

Viancani helped himself from a poteen bottle. His hand shook liberally in pouring out the liquor, and the drink he mixed was proportionately strong. He began in a maunding way to tell some

rambling story in which scientific names and personages became so mixed up that neither he himself nor his listener could follow the thread of the narrative. He was simply talking against time, and Marshall knew it. At last, after an interminable maze of utterly unconnected interpolations, Viancani arose unsteadily to his feet, and said coherently: "Here's your health, Marshall. If I die to-night I hope you will say the best you can for me."

"Die! Rubbish!"

"If I die to-night," Viancani repeated calmly, "I hope you will say what is fair about me."

"I will say what is true."

"And that is—?"

"That you have treated me well, and that I considered you not merely an intelligent but an intellectual man."

"That's enough.

I want no more

And if you die to-night—"

"For heaven's sake, drop this. You are giving me the creeps all over. I am not going to die to-night, if it's all the same to you. Watch that candle. It



"HERE'S YOUR HEALTH, MARSHALL"

I may not be able to tell my story to-morrow night, or you might not be able to listen to it. It shall be to-night or not at all."

"Then to-night, by all means," Marshall

will be out of the bottle if you don't fix it."

The chill night sent in a freezing breath through the window, and the cob-web arras flapped. Viancini re-adjusted the candle and said quietly:

"I am old, and I am—but it does not now matter about me. As to you, many a man as young and strong as you has gone to bed in his whole health at night, and been found dead in the morning with his throat cut from ear to ear."

"Your conversation is instructive and amusing," Marshall said, sharply; "but I shall go to bed and take my chance. Good-night!"

On that Viancini broke down completely. "For God's sake, don't leave me," he cried. "I am not fit to face this night alone. Let's sleep together."

The Englishman knew that he was alone in a lonely house with a man who was evidently and almost confessedly mad. He temporised, and said in the calmest voice he could command:

"Very well; go to your room, get your things, and bring them to mine." Then they parted, each going his own way.

As Marshall groped his way—Viancini had taken the candle—through the dreary corridors to his room, his physical courage, which was strong when he was in normal health, gave way. He hurried to the room, and, having locked the door, he undressed hastily. He was in bed and feigning sleep when Viancini came.

"Marshall! Marshall!"

But Marshall only snored. Viancini hammered loudly at the door. No answer was given. Then the hammering stopped. The woodwork began to creak. Viancini was forcing the door.

Now if Marshall had not been out of health he would have straightway leaped from his bed and opened the door to stand his chance with the man behind it whom he believed a maniac. Or he would have done something to secure the door. As it was, he did nothing. He lay breathless, perspiring greatly and altogether unnerved.

Viancini strained at the door. It resisted stoutly. The house was not jerry-built. This went on for some minutes, and then something terrible happened in the outer room. A pandemonium of shrieks and yells and snarlings began, so horrible that Mar-

shall's bursting heart nearly stopped. Viancini's voice could now and then be heard, but mostly there was a worrying guttural broken by the yap of a yelping cur, and over all the ringing scream of Bridget's cat sounded shrilly. The din ended in a hideous yell, and then there was the sound of a body falling heavily against the door. The lower half bulged inward three inches, and underneath a small dark stream trickled into the room. A streak of watery moonlight showed that.

Would the door hold?

High over the Moor House curlews piped on their nightly flight. Teal and widgeon whirred past and sometimes the wail of a startled peewit could be heard. All night long Frank Marshall lay in a sickly sweat, watching the lower half of his bedroom door—the half which bulged inward—and the dark streak that was on the floor. Towards morning his watch ended. The lock gave at last and the door banged back against the wall. There was a dull slapping smack of something limp striking the floor. A man's arm was stretched into the room. Marshall lost consciousness.

When Bridget came in the morning and found her cat dead—worried to death—in Marshall's sitting-room, her master lying dead, with his throat cut, in the open doorway of the adjoining bed-room and the Englishman himself apparently in a fit in his bed, she went straightway to Letterfrack and informed the police. It was the only thing she could do, and the most sensible thing as well. When Frank Marshall fully recovered consciousness he found himself in the constabulary barracks of Letterfrack, and was informed that he must consider himself under arrest pending the coroner's inquest which would take place at once. Marshall was still too ill to act or think for himself. Fortunately for him a certain government official did both. She telegraphed to his brother, giving all the particulars she could gather, which included the fact that a number of empty poison bottles had been found by the police in the House on the Moor, and on receipt of this message Charlie Marshall wired immediately to the well-known toxicologist, Surgeon - Colonel Hedsford, who was then in Cork, begging him to proceed at once to Letterfrack.

The toxicologist had been working at a very cobwebby clue in the mission with which he had been entrusted by the Premier, and to his own surprise his investigations, the farther he pursued them, seemed to point to hydrophobia as the cause of death in each of the few cases into which he had so far inquired. There had been the extreme nervous irritability, spasmodic contractions of the muscles, high temperature with fever and delirium, extensive salivation and so on, but with these were mixed up further symptoms which puzzled the

been looking for it. This apartment had been converted into a sort of dog kennel. In it were not only dogs but cats, rabbits, and even birds, most of them scarred, wounded, dying or dead. Of those still alive nearly all were in different stages of hydrophobia—hydrophobia with a difference. Here also were found letters from all the countries on the continent asking for more lymph. The envelopes bore the postmarks of the various countries from which they had been dispatched, but the letters were without addresses or signatures. Many



"WOULD THE DOOR HOLD?"

specialist and led him sometimes to doubt, and, on further reflection, to deny his doubt. He had just got to the point of guessing at the combined effect of the hydrophobic bacillus with that of some other disease unknown to medical science, when Charlie Marshall's telegram, with its muddled mention of poison bottles, reached him. That settled the question for the moment. He would take a holiday. A plain poison case is a great recreation to a puzzled toxicologist.

Before Hedford arrived at Lettersfrack the inquest on Viancani had been held, but the evidence was so inconclusive that an open verdict had been returned. The police, however, were not satisfied, and a magisterial investigation was pending. The specialist was permitted to examine the House on the Moor, and by great good fortune he found an underground cellar which so far no one had noticed, chiefly because no one had

of the strange telegrams, too, which Norah O'Connor had thought uncanny, were discovered, and District Inspector Boyle made a large seizure while Hedford himself had lighted by the most extraordinary chance on the solution of a great mystery.

Viancani's vocation lay in the manufacture of the virus of hydrophobia, the effect of which, when administered to a human subject, would be partially disguised by the simultaneous introduction of an intrinsically innocuous bacillus, over the origin of which Surgeon-Colonel Hedford is now unremittingly engaged. Pasteur had foreseen this combination and there were many letters from him to Viancani, the tenor of which proved that the great French bacteriologist had written in good faith and under the impression that he was addressing a scientist as sincere and as humanitarian as he was himself. Finger rings were

found modelled after the fashion of those of the Borgias, which may be seen in the Museum at Florence. Death from the prick of these rings when charged with Viancani's virus was certain sooner or later. It might be two, four, or six months from the date of inoculation. But the fate of the victim was secure. The master of the House on the Moor did business with secret societies whose object was the removal of obnoxious persons.

\* \* \*

Frank Marshall and Norah O'Connor went to see the House on the Moor before it was pulled down by order of the landlord. They were walking silently side by side, and Frank, who was overdue in England, was wondering whether it would be better to have a dramatic parting scene by the Atlantic shore with the blue-eyed colleen, or to promise correspondence in the course of which

he could easily pick a quarrel and drop it. He was now in good health. A very simple remark settled the whole matter.

"Of course you will write to me," Marshall said somewhat humbly.

"Write to you? What do you mean?"

"You see I have to go back—I—"

There was a long pause and then Norah said hotly, "Oh yes, I see—all." And not a word more would she speak. She turned from him and bade him go his own way. The Celtic blood was surging in her heart. She looked down upon him with the inherited scorn of a thousand Irish kings when he followed her and begged hard for mercy. But he prayed so pitifully, she could not long resist, and the end of it was that in a few weeks Father Murphy officiated and then they both sailed away to England. And that was the best way.



# *From Generation to Generation.*

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THE DUKES AND DUCHESSES OF RICHMOND



THE FIRST DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE



THE THIRD DUKE AND HIS WIFE



THE FOURTH DUKE AND HIS WIFE.



THE FIFTH DUKE AND HIS WIFE





THE PRESENT DUKE OF RICHMOND

PRINTED BY RUSSELL AND SONS

THE LATE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND

# *Bravo, Birmingham!*

BY GEO. H. KYNASTON.

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**F**IGURATIVELY, Birmingham is a city set on a hill, to be beholden of all men. Physically it stands on a number of knolls or rounded hummocks of what geologists describe as the Birmingham plateau, which extends into the counties of Warwick, Worcester, and Stafford, and is intersected by valleys and narrow streams. Until a few years ago it was wholly in the county of Warwick, but extensions made in 1890 included three suburban districts, one of which was in the county of Worcester, one in Staffordshire, and one in Warwickshire, so that modern Birmingham is geographically in three counties, though for all administrative purposes it is self-contained. Within its municipal boundaries 500,000 people have their habitat, and pursue a larger number and wider variety of crafts and industries than can be found in any other city of the United Kingdom. To most people Birmingham is a thing of to-day, but in truth it has a venerable antiquity, and has played an important part in many a history-making epoch.

For present purpose, however, the historical aspect of Birmingham may be ignored, and the city regarded simply from the point of view of a flourishing centre of industry and public life. An American globe-trotter, whose identity has never been sufficiently established, but who probably derived his impressions from a hurried and imperfect view of the position, recently described it as "the best-governed city in the world." This is a compliment which the well-known modesty of its citizens will not permit them to accept in its fullest significance; but they are justly proud of the more universal description of their home as "a go-ahead-place," and it is not beyond truth to say that no city in the Queen's dominions has kept steadier pace with the times, or more thoroughly justified its civic motto, "Forward."

Its municipal government is of modern origin, dating from a charter obtained in 1838. Previously its public affairs had been administered by a Court Leet and by antiquated Street Commissioners, together with overseers of the poor. There is no suggestion that the members of these bodies did not do their duty; but they left the new Corporation a huge work before it. And nobly that work has been carried on—it would hardly be correct to say carried out, because even Birmingham is not yet perfect, though it may properly claim to be architecturally one of the handsomest, sanitarily one of the cleanest and healthiest, educationally one of the best-equipped, and in its communal spirit one of the most advanced municipalities of the kingdom. Such a work, performed in half-a-century, has naturally cost a vast sum of money, and it is, therefore, not surprising to find that the civic debt of Birmingham is only an odd thousand or two short of £8,000,000, and equal to £17 per head of the population. The capital value of its assets is, however, nearly £10,000,000, and the indebtedness is being discharged at the rate of £100,000 a year, with no great undertakings (save the Welsh Water Scheme, which is to pay for itself) in immediate prospect. The rates are high, amounting to between six shillings and seven shillings in the pound; but the people of Birmingham have plenty to show for their outlay.

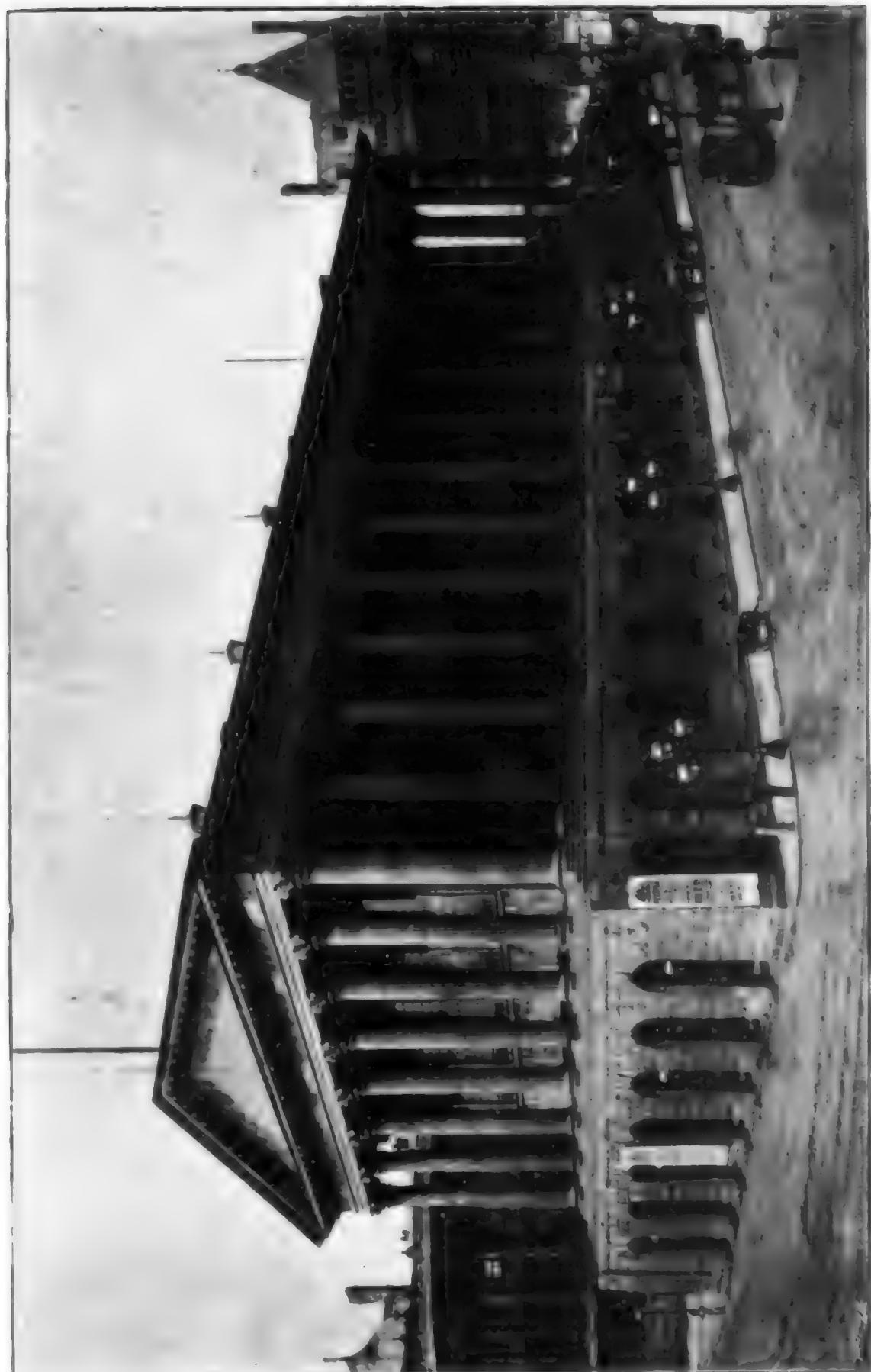
Search into the early history of the Corporation does not show more than a slow advance, but during the Mayoralty of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—1873, 1874, 1875—local government made immense strides, and the strong communal spirit to which allusion has been made, and which permeates every class of the inhabitants, received its chief impulse and direction from this period. These were prosperous years for Birmingham, and public feeling echoed the views of



ART GALLERY AND CHAMBERLAIN MEMORIAL.  
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

the leaders in favour of improvement. In these three years the citizens purchased and unified the gas and water supplies of the city, the former at a cost of between £2,000,000 and £3,000,000, and the latter at an outlay of about £1,500,000. Both have been since enormously developed to cope with the growth of population within the borough, and to meet the needs of the Greater Birmingham which stretches beyond its boundaries for miles in every direction; and the Gas Department, notwithstanding

the frequent and substantial reductions in the charges for the illuminant, it furnishes from its profits a sum amounting to over £20,000 a year to the relief of the ratepayers' burdens. The Water Department has materially improved its provision, and has undertaken to provide the city with a magnificent supply, adequate, as far as can be foreseen, for all time, from Mid-Wales, at a cost variously estimated at from £3,000,000 to £5,000,000, without any direct addition to the rates. Mr. Chamberlain



THE TOWN HALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. WATKINS

mayorality further witnessed the initiation of the scheme of street improvement which remodelled the centre of the city, transforming an area of congested vice and disease into a region of handsome and commanding business premises; and cut right through the heart of the city a boulevard the like of which it would be difficult to find in Great Britain. With this scheme the name of Chamberlain is inseparably linked, and the handsome monument and fountain at the rear of the Town Hall, which the irreverent speak of as "Squirt Square," will pass on to posterity the memory of his deeds of municipal daring. The primary cost of the improvement was over £1,500,000, and the burden on the burgesses was at first heavy, but the perfected scheme is now almost self-supporting, and in a few years will yield a substantial annual profit. A capital outlay of nearly six millions might have been considered big enough to satisfy even the people of Birmingham for a considerable term, but it did not. Between 1873 and 1879 they spent £250,000 more on the Council House, and added largely to the other public buildings of the city, besides expending the greater part of £500,000 on the purchase of land for a sewage farm. The Art Gallery and Museum, with its commanding clock tower, which completes the square of the municipal buildings, was added to the Council House some years later. It was opened by the Prince of Wales in 1885. From 1880 to the present date the rate of capital expenditure has been less rapid, but the City Council has never been slow to sanction expenditure which was clearly shown to be for the public weal. The Town Hall, a remarkably fine building of the Corinthian order, was erected by the old Street Commissioners with the produce of a special rate. It cost altogether about £70,000, and was opened in 1834 in time for the Triennial Musical Festival of that year. It is a hall of assembly only. One of the latest additions to the public buildings is the Victoria Courts, a strikingly handsome building of terra-cotta, wherein the whole of the administration of criminal justice is centred. Her Majesty the Queen laid the foundation stone in 1887, and the Prince and Princess of Wales opened the building when completed early in the present decade. In addition to the Central Free Library, which includes

the finest Shakespearian library in the world, there are eleven branch lending-libraries in the outlying districts of the city; five large public parks, and half-a-dozen sets of public baths. The annual cost of corporate administration is about £1,500,000. The Poor Law equipment of the city is on a correspondingly adequate scale, and the new Workhouse Infirmary is the envy of every Union in the country.

Educationally there are few provincial towns more fortunately situated than Birmingham. It has not, like Manchester, a degree-granting university, but a Midland University with this power has long been talked of, and is now within distant sight. All the other advantages of a university are provided in the Mason and Queen's Colleges, with faculties of arts and sciences, medicine, and divinity; the splendid schools of King Edward's foundation, the Midland Institute and a number of private establishments provide for intermediate education; the Municipal School of Art and the City Technical School see to the special education in these branches; and the city is covered with a network of Board and voluntary elementary schools. The Mason College is one of two munificent legacies which Sir Josiah Mason left to his fellow-citizens. In early life he was a humble mechanic, but the discovery of the steel pen laid the foundation of great fortune for him, and of his wealth he spent over £150,000 in the erection and endowment of the college which bears his name, and a further large sum in the establishment of the Mason Orphanage for boys and girls. The average number of students at the college is about 900, with some thirty professors and a large staff of lecturers and assistants. The government is in the hands of a trust on which the City Council has five members. Queen's College, for the study of theology, has become a decaying institution since the faculty of medicine was transferred from it to Mason College a few years ago. To the students in medicine the great hospitals of the city, chief among which are the General and the Queen's, afford excellent opportunities for practical instruction. King Edward's School has as endowment all that the spoilers left to the city of the lands which afforded the revenues of the ancient guild of the Holy Cross. At the time of the foundation in 1552



THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM  
From a photograph by H. Roland White, Birmingham

these lands were of the estimated value of £21 per annum. At the present time they bring in about £40,000, and will become still more valuable as leases fall in. The governors maintain one High School for each sex, with about 700 scholars, and five branch schools, which act as feeders for the High Schools,

with an average of over 1,500 pupils. The schools are not wholly free, but the proportion of free scholarships to the total accommodation is large. The present Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott of Durham were boys in the High Schools, and the revered Prince Lee, first Bishop of



THE COUNCIL HOUSE.



Victoria Law Courts  
Photograph by J. Weller

Manchester, was at one time its head-master. In intermediate and continued education the Midland Institute plays a prominent part. The present buildings cost £100,000. Since the municipality took over the charge of technical education, the Institute devotes its energies and means chiefly to the teaching of music, languages, and commercial subjects. The elementary education of the

was the first in the country established by a municipality, and it has held for years the proud distinction of carrying off more awards at the South Kensington higher grade examinations than any other school in the kingdom. The work of this institution is carried to the pupils, for, in addition to the Central School, which cost £56,844, there are thirteen branch schools, which act as feeders, on



THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN  
From a photograph by Bassano

city, except so much as is undertaken and efficiently provided by the various religious bodies and several charity foundations, is in the hands of the School Board, the permanent head of which body is Mr. George Dixon, M.P., one of the pioneers of the movement which nationalised primary education. The Board has fifty-six schools, and has spent over £750,000 on buildings alone. Its supplementary organisations include a training-school for teachers and two schools for deaf and dumb children. The School of Art

a generous scale of scholarships, to the main school, and a special department for the study of design in connection with the jewellery industry. The Municipal Technical School, recently opened, is a handsome and commodious building lavishly equipped for its purpose. Its cost was nearly £90,000, and the estimated charge for maintenance is £10,000 per annum. The chief of the Charity Schools is the ancient Blue Coat Foundation for boys and girls.

Of the religious life of modern Bir-



CORPORATION STREET  
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

mingham, there is not much to say. The Established Church has not so strong a hold as might be expected, and a somewhat painful reminder of this fact was experienced a few years ago, when an attempt to raise an endowment for a Bishopric of Birmingham, to relieve the overburdened see of Worcester, proved abortive. The rector of St. Philip's is also Suffragan Bishop of Coventry, but the clerical head of the Church in Bir-

mingham is unquestionably the venerable rector of the parish church, St. Martin's, Canon Wilkinson, who, though he bears the burden of 80 years, is hale, hearty, and vigorous as he is universally beloved. All sects of Nonconformity have a strong following, perhaps the Unitarians and the Congregationalists the largest, and until his death, last year, the acknowledged leader of Nonconformity was the revered Dr. Dale, who



ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH  
From a photograph by H. J. Whitlock

was popularly known as "Our Nonconformist Bishop." The Roman Catholics have a Bishop (Bishop Ilsley) and Cathedral.

As in past times, so in recent days, Birmingham has produced many eminent men in science, art, and letters: but to deal adequately with this phase of the modern life of the "Capital of the Midlands," would require an article to itself. The city—a title of honour which, by

the way, was conferred on Birmingham when it celebrated its municipal jubilee—enjoys the unique distinction of having all its seven divisions represented in Parliament by men who in some previous portion of their public career served their fellow-citizens in the local legislature, and there acquired, as Mr. Chamberlain is never tired of declaring, a training and a knowledge of men and matters which has been of the utmost value to



MR. G. DIXON, M.P.  
From a photograph by Russell and Sons



CANON WILKINSON  
From a photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham

them in the more elevated office they now fill. In art, the citizens are proud to count Burne-Jones and David Cox as of themselves; in law, they claim kinship with Justice Wills; in medicine the city has three distinguished men on whom for signal service her Majesty has bestowed the honour of knighthood—Sir Walter Foster, Sir James Sawyer, and Sir Willoughby Wade; and as for Science in its wider bearings, the city can count savants almost by the score. In the municipal service of the city there are many men whose self-sacrifice and devotion to the public weal will long live in affectionate remembrance when their bones are dust—men who have willingly and almost joyously foregone the rest of a well-earned competence to administer the affairs and guard the interests of the city and its people. Conspicuous among these are the present mayor (Councillor James Smith)—a Smith in "a citye wherein are many Smythes," as one of the ancient historians spoke of "Bermyngham;" Alderman Cook, who makes the health of the city his especial care; Alderman Maurice Pollock, who superintends the gigantic gas-producing works of the ratepayers; Alderman Lawley Parker, who is content to take practically on his own shoulders the burden of carrying out the scheme for bringing water from Wales; Alderman Kenrick, M.P., the special custodian of all matters pertaining to art; Alderman White, who knows more about

the baths and parks of the city than any other living man; Alderman Clayton, the civic Chancellor of the Exchequer, who handles millions as toys, and makes dry figures the vehicle for drier jokes; and Councillor Martineau, the "father" of technical education and a philanthropist of the purest type. Of course, it is not only in her municipal service that Birmingham has many sons and daughters by birth or adoption who do her honour but to attempt a list of all such would be a venture too onerous to undertake. There are the brothers Tangye, Sir Richard and Mr. George; the brothers Cadbury, whose philanthropy is as wide-reaching as the fame of their cocoa; the Chances, of lighthouse lens fame; the late Miss Ryland, whose benefactions were princely; the Muntzes, the Johnsons and Lloyds and others, as auctioneers say, too numerous to mention.

By way of epilogue, let it be said that while the citizens of Birmingham modestly decline to consider their city the best-governed in the world, there are few competitors with it for that honour; for within or without the realms of the Queen's dominions there are not many places where public spirit is so high, or public service so ungrudgingly rendered; where sanitation, education, and sound government are so advanced, or where the determination is so firm to press forward to a still more perfect state of physical and social existence.

# *Girl Life in Ilford Village Homes.*

WRITTEN BY JAMES CASSIDY.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PEARSE.

**A** THREE-MILE drive on a Spring afternoon through that flat corner of flat Essex, where the nearest approach to a hillock is found in the wayside collection of mud diligently raked together by brass-numbered parish convicts-of-poverty, brought me to the hamlet of Barkingside, and, via the hamlet, to an astonishing village. In response to my driver's call, the lodge-keeper, a matronly Peggotty, opened the gates, and I surveyed from my mount a collection of fifty odd homes, beautiful in situation and apparently the very abode of peace. The spire of a pretty church and a fine clock-tower, the latter attached to the "Cairns Memorial" Cottage, the largest house in the settlement, dominate the scene. This fine edifice was designed and erected in memory of the late Lord Chancellor Cairns, the first President of the "Barnardo Institutions." Each of the fifty cottages is a Gothic Villa, the whole grouped about an L-shaped ground plan. To the rear of school-house and laundry stretch twelve acres of playing-fields, margined by great elms, whose sturdy limbs support, in bright summer weather, the swings in which the girls love to disport themselves thus shielded from the burning rays by delicate green embroidery.

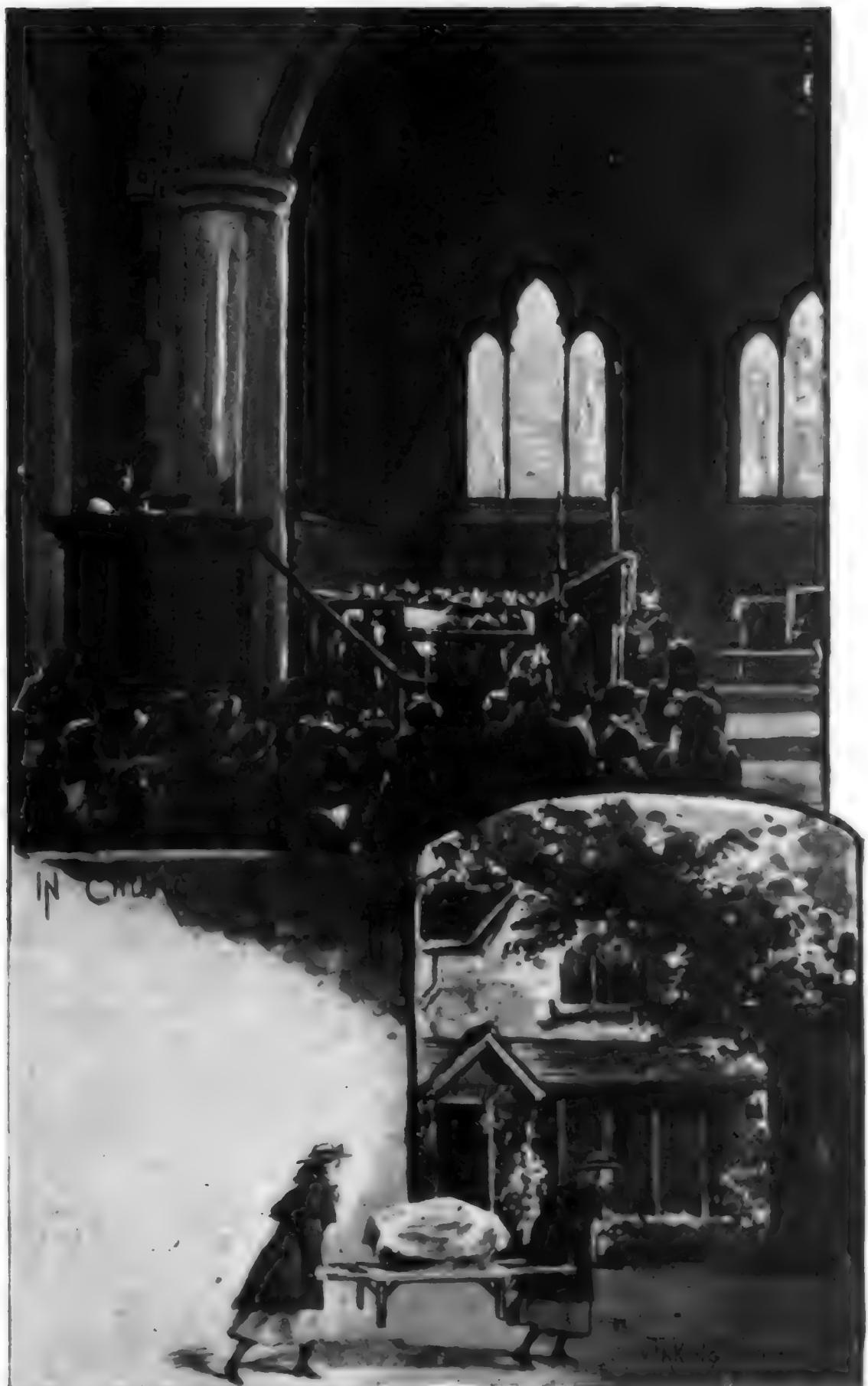
Engraved on a white stone attached to each little house is a record of its story, as thus: "Eton Cottage, in memory of my son." "Hyacinth Cottage, erected by G. as a thank-offering for great mercies." "Myrtle Cottage, erected by A.E. in memory of an only daughter;" and "Rose Cottage, the gift of A. J. L., erected in the name of my beloved wife." Flower names predominate. In early summer each cottage garden is resplendent with its especial flower. "Rose Cottage," affords a striking example. It has recently been repainted by the late donor's nearest relative; the framework

of the windows is a crimson-rose colour, and all the young cottagers wear rose-coloured cloaks, and the red rose flourishes in the little garden during the rose days. The ornamental grounds are extensive, and, together with the playing-fields, may well be considered as the two lungs of the village life. It was by one of the flower-beds, not far from the dove-cote and the playing-fountain, that a ten-year-old slumite, whose city feet had never pressed the soft green grass of the country, paused as she was led into the Settlement on her way to one of the cottages. Before the lady accompanying her understood her intention, she went down upon her knees opposite a sweet-scented flower, and bending eagerly over it kissed it again and again! It was a "soul's awakening" for the untutored waif of the alley.

Every "Home" has its "Mother," who is, so to phrase it, "the soul of the story." Not a few "mothers" are ladies of independent means, who have relinquished their own circle of ease and independence for the sake of "mothering" the orphan and destitute. These Cottage-mothers are one and all ready to salute a child in the spirit of Wordsworth's lines:

*Thou whose exterior semblance doth belie thy  
soul's immensity,  
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep  
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,  
That deaf and silent, readst the eternal deep,  
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—*

and they are quite convinced that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy." And yet the Cottage-mothers, in the children committed to their trust, have not by any means "angels." Hereditary depravity is a doctrine glibly talked about, but not fully understood as yet even by men of science. This much girl life at this Village Home for Girls of Dr. Barnardo's at Ilford establishes, that although an evil heredity makes



SCENES AT ILFORD

harder the task of even the most persevering and hopeful "Mothers" yet environment is stronger than heredity. It is found that if the young shoot be transplanted, while yet tender, into new soil and atmosphere, and if, after such transplantation, it be generously and wisely tended, its fruit shows no signs of the degeneracy that distinguished the parent tree, for "reversion to type" has its bright as well as its dark side. The formative and moulding influences of a good home life, permeating with the subtle persistence of love even the densest and most unresponsive material, tell powerfully upon young lives submitted to such influences, and no girl, though she be deplorably bad, can effectually expel from her consciousness all the inducements to a better life which the village presents.

Let me outline an average day in one of the cottages. At a quarter-past six the household is astir, for breakfast must be ready by seven. Lighting fires, cooking and serving the meal, and washing and dressing the little ones employ the minutes till then. At half-past the tables are cleared, and the bell summons to "morning prayers." From eight to nine busy work prevails, for young hands must be trained in usefulness. At half-past nine the school bell rings, and the children receive the kind word of dismissal, the bright, "Good morning, girls: mind you do your best to-day," of the sympathetic "Mother." Two elder girls are kept at home, one for practical lessons in cookery, the other for training in all sorts of domestic matters. At half-past twelve the bairns troop in from school hungry as hunters, after the morning's pursuit of knowledge, and at a quarter-past one dinner is served. Then, with clean hands and faces, off the children run to afternoon school, and by two the little cook and housemaid are at their needlework, ready for any light service that may be required of them. At half-past four comes the release from school, followed by an hour's good romps till tea-time. This meal on a bright summer afternoon is frequently taken *al fresco* under the elms. The evening hymn succeeds tea—a text, a short prayer, and the tiniest toddle off to bed; those a little older engage their needles in dressing their dolls, or read until half-past seven. At eight o'clock the elder girls retire, and, as the hour of

nine strikes in the cottage, life is fast asleep. Such is the daily routine in the cottage-home. The family life goes on continuously, and in order that it may do so the plan is adhered to of bringing fresh arrivals into the home circle one by one, or two at a time.

There is one cottage in the village, a visit to which calls forth my tenderest sympathies. It bears the name "Sir James Tyler" on the memorial stone, and is at the present time used as a "Hospital." In the "Stafford Cot" lies a little girl suffering from abscesses in her legs; and in other cots equally sad cases of child-suffering meet my glance. In another ward—an ordinary room—I find several girls with "bad eyes," and upstairs, in a third room, sad it is to come face to face with tuberculosis.

Almost all the cots are maintained by a noble band of young people, chiefly of the upper and middle classes, who are enrolled as "The Young Helpers' League," under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck. A new Hospital is needed, and towards this over £5,000 has been subscribed, but £1,500 is yet required. The immediate object of the Union is the aid of the crippled, blind, deaf and dumb, and sick children of the waif class. The general Secretary of the League is Miss Rachel Norton, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. Leaving the Cottage Hospital, and entering the laundry, I was forcibly struck by the contrast, for in the latter all is din, and bustle, and rapid motion. All, too, is robust health and busy work. This will be the better appreciated when I mention that the washing-bill for the past year, records, all told, 828,468 separate articles. The "family wash," continued all the year round, comprises the washing from several of the London Homes, in addition, of course, to that required by the large population of the village. The young laundresses, owing to the more arduous nature of their work, are permitted privileges not enjoyed by those whose tasks are easier. Many who have been trained in this department have passed out into good positions in private laundries, or elsewhere, and are now self-supporting and respectable girls, a credit to their village up-bringing, and to those who took such a deep interest in their earlier and untrained days.

Let me close with a peep into the



SCENES AT ILFORD



SCENES AT ILFORD

sitting-room of "Cairns Memorial" Cottage, a group of little ones entering immediately before me. The "Mother," quite unconscious of the presence of an unannounced stranger, sits in an arm-chair by the fire—for the afternoons are still chilly. The small children, pretty as they are small, scarcely waiting to take off their outer garments, rush impetuously towards her, climb on her lap, nestle down with the brightest confidence, and cover her face with kisses. In the passage, outside the sitting-room door, stands a large rocking-horse, the gift of some kind friend to this particular cottage. "Come dears," says the "Mother" brightly, "let me give you a ride to London town!" Beside her stands poor blind Ethel, whose quivering lids and sightless eyeballs are pathetic enough to plead her protection. As the children scramble on to the tireless horse, I notice that not one forgets the blind girl, but all unanimously reserve for her the best place on the saddle. A second group busily chat as they "set tea" with the "dolls" tea-things, and put into the

roseate tea-pot powdered biscuit by way of a brew—"for mother doesn't like water in this, it's too pretty," explains fair-haired Edie, a sweet little girl of six or seven years. All the larger pieces of biscuit are allotted to "Mother," but the second in point of size to Ethel, "because she can't see, but can only taste, you know." As I listen to the childish prattle, and witness the devotion to "Mother" and to each other of these one-time "nobody's bairns," I am constrained to recognise that the beautiful spirit of true family life reigning in "Cairns Memorial" Cottage and throughout this delightful village is indisputably working wonders. In conclusion, I would intimate that visitors to Ilford Village Homes are welcome any day save Saturday or Sunday, and that a vehicle from the Homes meets regularly the afternoon train which leaves Liverpool Street station at a quarter past one. I invite the readers of this sketch to fill-in its many gaps by a personal visit to the most unique village in all England.





ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE

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### THE STOLEN BONDS.

"In order to tell you the story of the stolen bonds," said Smurthwaite, "I must go back a long way, for Murray, the chief figure in the story, was at school with me at St. Andrew's, and afterwards, when I was studying the humanities at Edinburgh University, he was still my companion, and a student of medicine. I lived just on the Scottish side of the border, and presently when I entered a solicitor's office, I used to go into England daily, and back into Scotland at night.

"I came up to London, and here, after a time, my acquaintance with Murray was continued, for he was a great success in his profession, and very quickly saved enough to buy a practice down in the East End. The work was very hard, of course, but he loved his calling, and was rapidly progressing; as it was, he managed to support his widowed mother by his earnings.

"Imagine my horror and surprise when I came to my rooms one day, and found a telegram and a letter, the latter written from the cells of a police-station, to tell me that he had been arrested and thrown into prison on the previous day.

"My business was not then so extensive as it afterwards became, but I would have thrown anything and everything over. I took a cab at once and

went down to the police-station from which he had written. There I explained what was my position, and was allowed to see Murray in the presence of a warder. I found him terribly worn and haggard. 'What on earth does this mean, old chap?' I asked.

"'Heaven only knows,' he answered. 'I was in the surgery at ten o'clock yesterday morning, as I always am at that hour. A detective, with two men in plain clothes, entered, and straightway charged me with being in possession of stolen bonds to bearer amounting to £30,000. I denied the charge—indeed, I could hardly take it seriously. Then, without more ado, they went to the lowest drawer on the left-hand side of my knee-hole desk, and there, from among a lot of dusty, useless papers, they turned out the bonds. I was arrested, and have been here since.'

"'Well,' I said, 'what am I to do? Have you no idea as to how they might have got there?'

"'None at all,' he said. 'I never use the drawer, and never locked it. The whole thing is a mystery to me; but I hope you will solve it.'

"I hoped so myself; but the case against him was so very strong that I did not see how the task was to be accomplished, nor even how it was to be set about. That day, an hour after I called



"THEN, WITHOUT MORE ADO, THEY WENT TO THE LOWEST DRAWER"

on him, my friend was charged, and I heard a little more of the story of the bonds.

"They had somehow or other been stolen when they were on the way from Belgium to London. The police had had a clue, of course, but for six months had not found them. Then, 'from information received,' said the detective, 'I visited Dr. Murray and charged him with being in possession of the bonds. Upon his denying the charge, I found them where I had reason to believe they would be found—in the lowest left-hand drawer of the desk in his inner surgery.' That was all, and Murray was quickly remanded in custody, while I proceeded to see to it that his affairs did not get too disastrously out of order in his absence.

"The first duty which lay before me was a very obvious one. I found a *locum tenens* to take my friend's place for the present. He was an excellent man for the post, and I think I persuaded him to share my belief in Murray's innocence. Of that, indeed, there was really no doubt, despite the evidence against him.

"After this had been arranged I meditated as to what should next be done, and, in the first place, I sought out the detective who had given evidence before the magistrates. I asked him plainly what was the information which had led to my client's arrest. 'I am quite sure of his innocence,' I said, 'and surely you do not want to get the wrong man convicted. If you will tell me all you can about the information that led to his arrest I am sure you will be helping me to secure his acquittal, and incidentally you will be clearing the way towards the discovery of the actual thief.'

"Now, I hardly need to tell you that the appeal I made was all in vain. The officer recognised that this case was a little out of the ordinary, but the bonds had been found in Murray's possession, and it was no part of his duty to make my work easier. He declined to speak, and I was left to find out for myself what I desired to know.

"One thing was obvious. The stolen bonds had not been precipitated out of space into that drawer. Someone had put them there, and the chances were that he had not chosen this spot without having visited the place before. I went first of all and had a look at the surgery, and at the drawer in which the bonds

had been found. There were two rooms. The outer one was a big, empty-looking place, with a counter at one end, and behind that a series of shelves with bottles. The counter was used for dispensing. One end of the counter lifted up, and at this end there was a door behind the counter, which opened into the inner room. That was for the convenience of the doctor if he should want to consult the dispenser, of the dispenser if he should want to consult the doctor.

"Outside the counter, however, there was another door, which also opened into the consulting-room. Patients who came to consult Murray entered through this door.

"The inner room was furnished with a few chairs and a hard horsehair sofa. In the centre of it stood the common knee-hole desk of which I have spoken. The drawers were still unlocked, and I examined them. They had evidently not been arranged or looked through for years. The upper ones were locked, and doubtless contained all the documents that Murray deemed of any importance. The lower ones had evidently been used for the reception of papers and other trifles deemed just worthy to escape the waste-paper basket, and yet not important enough to be kept under lock and key.

"After this I called the dispenser into consultation, and we compiled as complete a list as could be contrived of the patients who had visited the surgery for months past—since the date on which the bonds had been stolen, in fact—and might have placed the packet in Murray's desk. The list when complete was long enough to dash the hopes of the most confident of amateur detectives, but I knew that chance often comes to a man's aid under circumstances like these at the very moment when it is least expected. So while the *locum* did his best to keep the practice together—an easy enough task, since Murray's innocence was not doubted—I betook me to a series of enquiries as to the people on the list.

"I must say here that Murray in the meantime was once or twice brought before the magistrates again and remanded, and that, finally, he was committed for trial. The precious days were slipping by and I was no nearer my end, which was to find among all those patients someone who might have been connected,

either before or after the fact, with the robbery, and then to examine into the matter more closely. It was the *locum tenens* who put me on the right track.

"If only the jury were twelve of Murray's patients," he said one day, "he would have no difficulty in proving his innocence. They believe in him up to the hilt. One of them was on at me to-day—a Mrs. Maitland, who seems to have known him before he came into this district."

"Now, the name Maitland was on the list, but somehow I had not made any close enquiries in that quarter. This remark brought back to my memory the fact that Mrs. Maitland was already an old acquaintance of mine.

"I must go back to those old days at Edinburgh. When Murray and I were students, there was in the Infirmary an extremely handsome nurse. She was well-educated and quite Murray's equal in social position; it seemed more than likely then that they would eventually become man and wife. But one day a big, finely-built man named Maitland was brought into the Infirmary with his leg broken, as the result of an accident at Musselburgh races. As he began to recover strength he made violent love to his nurse, and in the end she consented to marry him. She was looked upon as very foolish, for the man was vastly her inferior socially, being the proprietor of a greengrocer's shop in the East End of London.

"When Murray bought the practice there he became the family doctor, and renewed his acquaintance with the woman who might have been his wife. I now made up my mind to call on her and claim acquaintance.

"She welcomed me for old times' sake, and presently we had got by natural transition from theme to theme, upon the subject of her husband. 'He is as kind a husband as a woman could desire to have. I am very comfortably situated so far as money goes. But his business often takes him away for long periods of time, during which I never get a line from him. Once he was away for

nearly two years. And so you can understand that I am not altogether happy.'

"But has he any business beyond this greengrocery?" I asked, with sudden suspicion.

"Oh, yes," she answered, but in a tone which amounted to a confession that she



"SHE WELCOMED ME FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE"

had not the remotest idea of what the avocations were which took him away for these long periods.

"I was prepared to have opinions myself. 'He is away on one of his trips now?' I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I fancy his going away—altogether without notice—is the cause of my present ill-health. . . . By-the-bye, I do hope you will be able to clear Dr. Murray. Of course, there is no doubt of his innocence. Why, a fool might know that a man who had bonds of that value in his possession would not work as Dr. Murray has been working. There would be no earthly reason why he should."

"Did you see much of him?" I asked.

"I've seen a great deal of him lately," she answered. "Just a day or two before my husband went off on this last journey of his, I took a violent chill, and he sent for Dr. Murray. Now, I happened to

know that the doctor thought the matter serious. He said little enough to me, but he spoke seriously to my husband, telling him that I must be very careful for some time to come. I saw that Paul



"IS THIS YOUR HUSBAND?"

was worried, and after some hesitation he told me what the doctor had said. And he said the same thing still more strongly on the next day when Paul went down to the surgery to get a prescription and have it made up.'

"Again I could hardly conceal my surprise. 'He went down to the surgery?'

"'Yes,' said the woman. 'The fact is, that Dr. Murray, being a busy man, and having given me careful instructions as to how I was to treat myself, did not intend to call for a day or two. This second warning I managed to find out from my husband, and so you will understand that his absence, which commenced two days later, came as a great shock to me. I have been unwell very frequently since then, and so have seen the doctor pretty often. . . . I do hope that you will succeed in clearing him. Everyone who knows anything of him must be certain of his innocence.'

"I had formed my own opinion as to

what caused these very mysterious absences of Maitland's. I rose to go, and as I did so I walked across to a clumsily-executed enlargement in colour of a man's portrait. 'Is this your husband?' I asked, committing to memory the name of the local photographer who had executed the work. 'I have never seen him, you remember.'

"'Yes,' said Mrs. Maitland. 'That is Paul.' And so I took my farewell.

"After that I made haste to procure a copy of Maitland's photograph: a matter of no difficulty. My belief was simply this: that Maitland's mysterious disappearances were not altogether voluntary. The fact that the last had occurred just a few days after his last visit to the surgery suggested that he might be the man I wanted.

"I had plenty of good friends, and when I gave an outline of my predicament found it easy to get introduced to Scotland Yard, and there was helped in my search for the photograph of a convict outwardly resembling Maitland. Finally I came on what I wanted. Enquiry showed me that a man named

Jackson, whose photograph showed him to be exactly like Maitland, had been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment for felony just a month after the greengrocer disappeared from Millwall.

"I now began to have an inkling as to how the thing had happened, and saw that the next step to be taken was to procure an interview with the man Jackson. After a little interval this was arranged, and I went to see him.

"I showed my hand at once. 'Now, Maitland,' I began, and the man's face showed that I was right in my surmise.

"'My name is Jackson,' he said: 'at least, it will be, when I've ceased to be Number Something.'

"'As you will,' I said. 'But it was Paul Maitland who put £30,000 worth of stolen bonds in Dr. Murray's drawer, and, in the absence of Maitland, you seemed the best person to come to, for Murray stands committed for trial on a charge of having stolen them.'

"By Jove!" cried the man, "has Jimmy peached for the reward?"

"This was Greek to me, who knew not how the police had got upon the track of the bonds. 'That is neither here nor there,' said I. 'The thing is, can you clear Dr. Murray?'

"The man hesitated. 'You wouldn't have come here unless you needed little enough help from me,' he said at last. 'Yes, I had the bonds—it does not matter how I got hold of them—and I put them into the Doctor's drawer. Does that satisfy you?'

"I know all that," I said. "You put them there when you went to get a bottle of medicine for your wife, three days before you were arrested for the offence that brought you here. Tell the whole story."

"Well," said Maitland, "you know my record. When I met Polly and married her, I tried to go straight; but that was impossible. However, I saw to it that she never suffered want, and, what is more, she never guessed why I was absent, for it was Jackson, and not Maitland, who went to quod. I was half off my head over those bonds. I had them, and I knew the police were on my track for what brought me here, and I could not for the life of me think of a place where they could be hidden safely. My wife was ill, too. Late one night the doctor came. By this time I felt about those bonds as a man does about a live shell he has picked up in the trenches and cannot throw away. The doctor had a bag with him, and I slipped the bonds into it.

"The next morning I began to repent: they would have made a nice little provision for my old age. So I went down to the surgery for Polly's medicine, and was shown into the inner room. I talked with the doctor for a while, and noted that the bag was on his desk. I also saw that one of the half-open drawers was full of dusty papers, and was apparently never disturbed. The doctor went out to speak to the dispenser, and I opened the bag.

The bonds were still there, and in another moment, just before the doctor returned, I had shoved them into the drawer under the other papers. That is all: you know the rest. If I had not trusted Jimmy I believe they would have been waiting for me undisturbed when this little trouble was over."

"But, did you know the rest?" I asked. "How did the police get on the track of the bonds?"

"Oh!" said Smurthwaite, "I found that out readily enough afterwards. 'Jimmy' was a confederate of Jackson's, and he, fearing Murray might happen to go to his drawer, had written a note to



"I OPENED THE BAG"

his friend saying where the bonds were hidden. This he had given to a companion in distress whose time was to expire in a day or two. Unhappily, the companion was no sooner discharged than he was re-arrested, and the note was

found concealed in his boot. It led the police straight to Murray's surgery."

"And of course Murray was discharged?"

"Yes; and Maitland, or Jackson, spent a longer time than he had anticipated in

prison. All the same, the police could never prove more against him than that he had received the bonds. They could never have proved even that much if they had not begun by arresting a perfectly innocent man."



MORNING ON LONDON BRIDGE

DRAWN BY OSCAR ECKHARDT

# The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions.

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The "Ludgate" Prize Competitions have once more led to the submitting of a large number of manuscripts in prose and verse. Of the stories the best is "Castles and Pancakes," by Beatrice E. Greenaway, 75, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, W.; while Miss A. Ruth Young, Mint Street, Lincoln, takes the medal for the best poem. It is evident the amateur photographer is not courageous. Children may be difficult to photograph, but their grace and beauty ought (you would think) to make them favourite subjects. It is apparently not so, for the photographs sent in were fewer in number than is usual, and in quality still further below the average level. The prize is awarded to Irene Watts, Hanslope Park, Stoney Stratford, for her picture entitled "In Maiden Meditation." There will be no limitation as to subject in the next competition. Photographs should reach the offices of "The Ludgate" not later than April 25th, and the result will be announced in the June number.

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## THE BEST SHORT STORY.

### CASTLES AND PANCAKES.

By BEATRICE E. GREENAWAY, 75, Elgin Crescent, Kensington Park, W.

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HE grown-up cousin had built the son of the house a card castle. Said the latter:

"When I am a man I will have a house like this." He was six, but very babyish, because there was no baby. The family circle round the fire smiled indulgently.

"Most castles in the air are only card houses," said the maiden aunt. She had a habit of saying things which might possibly have been clever if they had been differently expressed. At least that was the opinion of the Senior Wrangler, but then he wasn't very fond of his sister's sister-in-law; he made up for his deficiencies in that respect by the depth of his affection for the sister-in-law's cousin. However, this time he did not cavil at the commonplace, for he chanced to be building a castle in the air, and he felt as if that unobservant middle-aged lady had detected him. But it was only his guilt that had found

him out, for, though he would never have guessed it, the maiden aunt was engaged in the all-absorbing work of building on her own account. Which may seem strange, but was not really so, for the time was February twilight, and winter's dusk is the best of lights for aerial architecture's construction. Therefore it was not so very odd that out of the four grown people who watched, and listened to the child, three of them craved for castles of their own. One alone was content with the castle on the hearth-rug, alone found the present sufficient; which might have signified that she was a great philosopher, had it not merely meant that she was a mother.

The most singular thing about the maiden aunt's castle was that she constructed it of old materials. The design differed occasionally, but those materials had served for many winter twilights now. She knew that the fates had named her castle Impossible, but that did not lessen her ardour in building. This is one of the strangest characteristics of aerial castle builders.

The Senior Wrangler was a dis-

tinguished man, even among Senior Wranglers. Lecture-halls and libraries should have been the chief features of his castle ; perhaps they were parts of it, but it was a throne for the grown-up cousin that he was designing just then. It is slightly superfluous to add that the name of his castle was Love.

Unfortunately, the grown-up cousin's building was different. She was one of several orphan daughters of a genius who, after the traditional manner of geniuses, had left his family ill-provided for. One-hundredth part of his genius had been transmitted to this daughter. She thought a little, she wrote a great deal, so she was building a castle of Fame. At present her vocation in life was lady-help, but she did not play that rôle in her castle. Then, "no more cookery, no more drudgery": the very thought brought a smile of content. The grown-up cousin looked particularly pretty when she smiled, and the Senior Wrangler's castle grew grander.

The silence had lasted ten minutes, and the card castle had lasted also, the

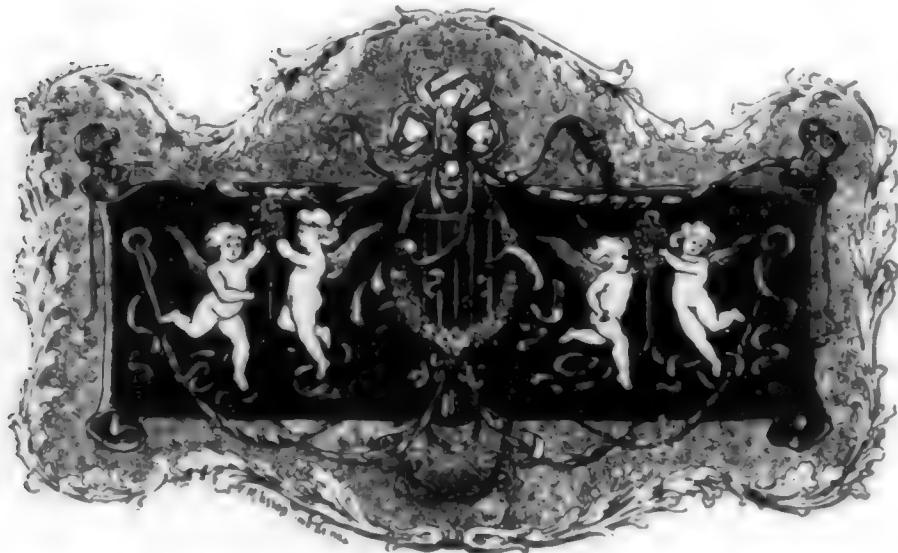
son of the house having turned his attention to the kitten. But the kitten was sleepy, and the son of the house was not used to neglect. "I'm tired of my castle," he announced fretfully.

The Senior Wrangler sat up suddenly.

"By Jove ! it's more than I am of mine," he cried ruefully. Then he blushed; but he need not have done so, for no one had noticed his mutter, seeing that simultaneously he had knocked over the cards, and thereby caused the son of the house to howl. The son of the house had ceased to care for his castle, but nevertheless he mourned it; wherein he showed promise of becoming a very ordinary type of character. His mother caressed him tenderly. "Never mind, sonny, cousin will make you 'pancakes,'" she comforted him; "'pancakes' are much nicer."

"They are safer," said the maiden aunt.

The remark was not very intelligible, yet the grown-up cousin laughed till she nearly cried.



## The Best Set of Verses.

### BITTER SWEET.

SWEET Moon, thou smilest sadly!

    A little Song I'd sing,  
How Lovers greeted gladly,  
    Their Tryst remembering.  
    Thou smilest sadly!

Strong Sun, thou shinest brightly!

    (At noon-day sorrow not):  
He valued her so lightly,  
    His very vow forgot!  
    Thou shinest brightly!

Sad Stars, serenely eyeing  
    Two graves, snow-covered white,  
Does true Love seem a-dying?  
    There's Dawn for every Night!  
    Then sad Stars sleep.

By A. RUTH YOUNG, *Mint Street,*  
*Lincoln.*

## *The Best Photograph.*



**"IN MAIDEN MEDITATION": MEDAL**  
By IRENE WATTS, Stoney Stratford



**"PICKING POPPIES": COMMENDED**  
By F. H. SIKES, M.A., Sutton



HAPPY CHILDHOOD: COMMENDED  
By SAMUEL RICHMAN, *Liverpool*



FRIENDS: COMMENDED  
By C. F. INSTON, *Liverpool*

## Some Curious Fans.

WRITTEN BY ELSIE RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN REID.

*The fan paints all a woman loves,  
All that her heart can feel,  
Says aye and nay, condemns, approves,  
Can all her thoughts reveal.*

Trans. from DESPREZ.

*The fan of a fair lady is the world's sceptre.*

SYLVAIN MARECHAL.

**T**O attempt to give, in the scope of a magazine article, an account of what may be called the career of the fan, were but to court failure, inasmuch as such an account would suffice to fill a large volume. This *précieux colifichet* has played a part in society, literature, the drama, and history itself, which almost passes belief; and its story has never been written more charmingly, with daintier grace of expression, with truer seizing of its delicate and subtle characteristics, than by M. Octave Uzanne in "L'Eventail." Beyond, then, some passing reference to the occasions of its use, this account must be confined to the description of a few that have been collected by Lady Charlotte Schreiber, and which strike the beholder at once with a sense of their individuality.

The golden age of the fan is passed, at least for England. It belongs to the days of patches and powder, of silken robes, of hawking-parties, of ivied terrace and stone-built hall, of coaching journeys and Gretna Green—the days of Beatrix Esmond, of Amy Robsart, even. What has it to do with bicycles and knicker-bockers, with a woman's thick and muddy shooting-boots or her leather-bound attire? The drill of the Women's Volunteer Corps is more to the taste of the age than that of the fan; and very oddly in these days reads a letter dated 1711, written by a lady to the editor of the *Spectator*, in which the rules of such drill are laid down. Here is the first paragraph:—

"Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have

erected an Academy for the training-up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at Court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command:—Handle your fans, unfurl your fans, discharge your fans, ground your fans, recover your fans, flutter your fans. By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine."

In the hands of a pretty woman this dainty toy has still somewhat the power of a sceptre, but where to-day is the high art, pictured in a letter to Madame de Staël:—

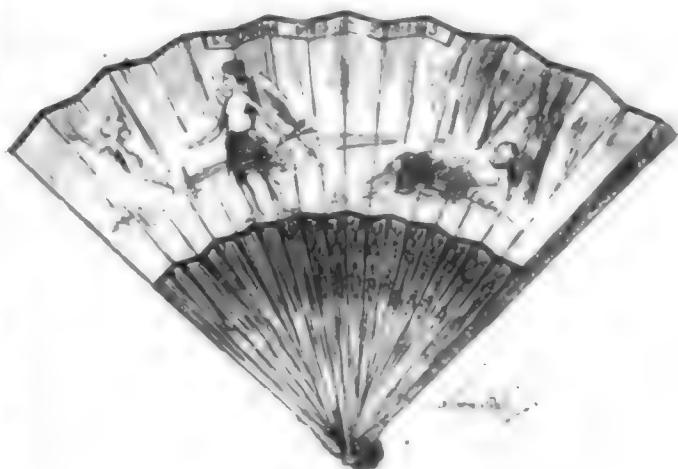
"Supposons une femme délicieusement aimable, magnifiquement parée, pétrie de graces . . . si avec tous ces avantages elle ne sait que bourgeoisement manier l'éventail, elle aura toujours à craindre de se voir l'objet de ridicule. Il y a tant de façons de se servir de ce précieux colifichet, qu'on distingue par un coup d'éventail la princesse de la comtesse, la marquise de la roturière."

So it happens that the charm of the fan is somewhat the charm of the past; that past which we see, in these matter-of-fact days, as through a rosy mist; which, in our minds, takes the place of fairy legends in those of children, and in the glamour of which we only half believe.

There are some fans made within the last five years, which for elegance and perfection of design and finish rival those of the period of Watteau, Lancret, Lemoine, Fragonard, and Badoin. It is not of these most beautiful ones, modern or ancient, however, of which you are to read; but of some curious French and English fans, whose only or chief recommendation is their uniqueness or their individual significance. Here is a Spanish one, having "The Origin of Fans" for subject. Psyche lies asleep on an unmistakably manufactured sofa, in the midst of a landscape. In front of her stands Cupid, holding a fan-shaped wing captured from Zephyr, who is flying away. Cupid is supposed to give the wing as a trophy to Psyche, who uses it as a fan. They are both fully dressed, their clothes brilliantly coloured and embroidered with tinsel.

In the days of the great English fan craze, when Madame could not walk in her garden, ride in her Sedan chair, much less go to church, or receive a visitor without this little "modish machine," every event, great or small, must be celebrated by a fan as surely as by a newspaper paragraph to-day. Did the rich bookseller, Mr. Thomas Osborne, give a duck-hunt in the grounds of his grand new house at Hampstead? Nothing would satisfy his vanity but that a fan should be engraved, showing

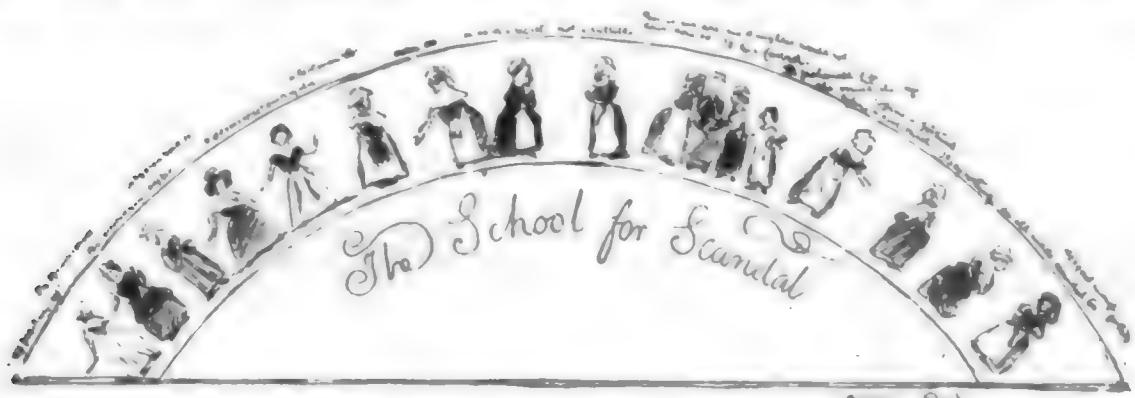
was published, and the humour of the figures may be guessed at from these few illustrations. Did my lady condescend to go to church? She hid her face behind a picture of the birth of



L'ORIGINE DES EVENTAILS

Esau and Jacob, a description of the Virtuous Woman, or the Ten Commandments—if, indeed, she was so sensible of the fit and proper. For in 1753 we hear of a Church-fan ornamented by Darby and Joan, Columbine, Harlequin, and Pantaloona, and the Judgment of Paris. One may excuse the first as an example of domestic virtue, and the second as a pious reminder of the frivolities which, for the hour, the owner must renounce, but what can be said for the last?

King George III. and Queen Charlotte visited the Royal Academy;



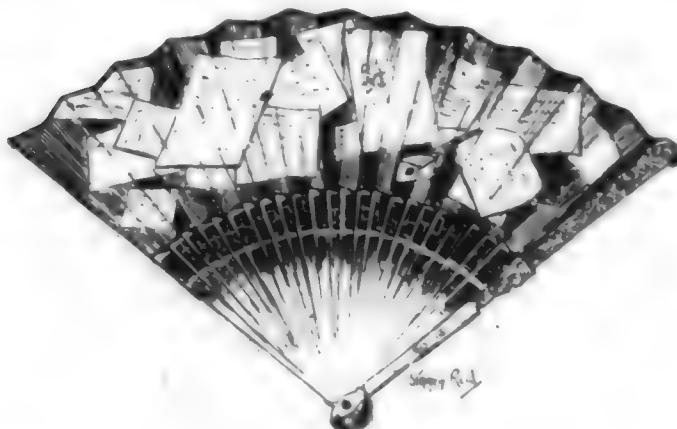
THE "SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" FAN

on one side the house and outbuildings, and a marquee wherein the guests are dancing, on the other the grounds with duck-pond, *al fresco* lunch, and grazing deer; every lady present had one given to her. The *School for Scandal* became popular; a fan with the same title

straightway the royal group was printed on a fan. In France, the taking of the Bastille, the Assembly of Magnates, the Imprisonment of Cagliostro, the Will of Louis XVI. were all celebrated in the same way, and at the time of the Revolution every citizeness carried her

"cockade" fan, with Robespierre's portrait, or patriotic inscription.

Concert and dance fans were equally popular in both countries, but the racing fan is English, and on each division of it



MISS LEWIS'S FAN

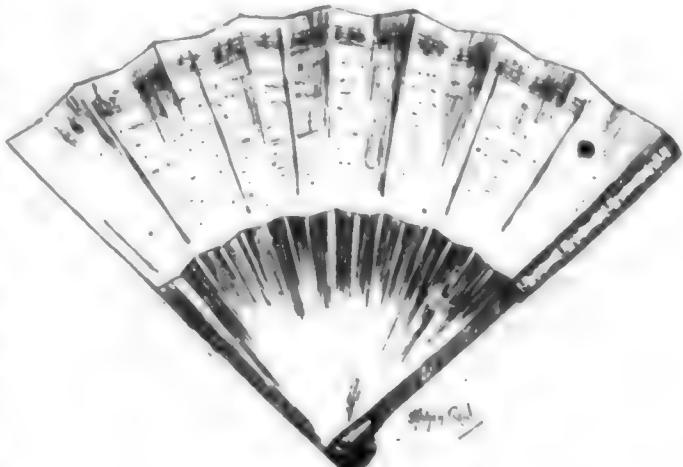
is painted the winner for the year, the last stick blank, the fan being purchased before it was filled. One of the most curious belongs to the close of the last century. The sticks are of white ivory, very finely pierced till they look like lace. The mount of chicken-skin is covered with a medley of riddles, charades, drawings and paintings. On the front is a conspicuous label: "Miss Lewis, Pit Box, No. 20," and we find from a plan of the Opera House, printed on a fan in 1797, that a Mr. Lewis actually owned this "Box No. 20." Nothing more is known of the lady. She evidently did nothing to cause the world to talk of her, and was just one among many of the nobodies who have kept the world going; but her fan exists still, and looking at it we think she was young then, and fair, and the toy was the offering of a friend, probably a lover, for it abounds in delicate compliment, in *vers d'amour*, in a score of pretty fancies that only such an one would think of, far less take the time and trouble to draw. Here is a dial which speaks for itself, with the motto, "Le temps nous joindra;" here a Cupid finding a heart: here the music of a song, a merry jest or rhyme of the day, a floating feather. Landscapes, presumably of places which for Miss Lewis had pleasant associations, are numerous, so are tiny sealed letters. The quota-

tions are in French, Spanish and English, and vary from the Mad Maid's Song to an extract from "De Montfort," from "On croit suivre ses volontés en suivant les volontés de ce qu'on aime," to:

*True love beats Time as oft as Time  
beats Love,  
For Time is slow to Love, that Time  
will prove.  
There's always Time to Love; then  
Love in Time,  
For Time won't stay for Love, and  
Love's no crime.*

A circling snake encloses the legend "L'embleme de mon amitié" and a Cupid, rowing hard over a stormy sea, says "Si je la perd, je suis perdu."

But to return to France, where the soft flutter, the sharp clash of gold or ivory frame, and the rustling of the crumpled silk of the toy borrowed an "indescribable something" of fascination and perfume. It was only natural that in a land where the art of playing the fan was innate in every woman of family, "as are innate in her her least gestures which captivate—her sweet, child-like caresses, her speech, her look, her walk"; where a maiden felt instinctively "that all the ruses of love, all the tricks of gallantry, all the grace of yes's or noes, all the accents of sighs are hidden in the folds of her fan"; where she understood that "behind this frail rampart she may study the enemy, that



THE MALBROUK FAN

in half unmasking herself she may open a terrible loophole, and that, later on, under her fan unfurled, she may risk furtive avowals, and gather half words which will penetrate her heart"—it was



MRS. PARR'S FAN

only natural that here all sorts of devices should be invented for love or coquetry, and we have "Love's Lottery," "The Post of Love," and "The Innocent Recreation." The first has on one side four columns of questions surmounted by Cupids, with full instructions for fortune-telling in love; on the other a tall Cupid with these ominous words under him:

*Qui que tu sois voici ton Maître  
Il est, le fut, ou le doit être:*

and on either side of him are answers to the questions. Near the top of one of the guards is a numbered revolving counter, a kind of wheel of fortune. From *La petite poste de l'Amour* the lady could tell from which of her lovers she would receive a letter; and the *Récréation Honnête*—how many a merry evening has it not served to pass away in the hands of a gay, piquant, laughing coquette? What excuses has it not served for an encounter of hands, a playful rap on the knuckles, an unwonted proximity of faces, roguish glances, or the still sweeter stolen caress?

"The Ruses of Love," of the same period, is very "French," perhaps a little shocking to Mrs. Grundy, but very charming! There are six pictures, with explanatory verses—verses carrying in the song of the metre a gaiety and an abandon which in English were rather questionable, but in French are merely *un peu frivole*.

The *Malbrouk* fans have a pathetic interest to those who remember the story of the song. Only a nursery

rhyme sung by a nurse over the cradle of poor Marie Antoinette's first baby—the quaint, simple air with its sorrowful, persistent minor third fascinated the young queen, and it became the rage, till everywhere one went one heard the nonsensical refrain:

*Malbrouk s'en vat en Guerre;  
Mironton, ton, ton, mirondaine.*

Be sure there was a brisk demand for the fan, and every fashionable novelty, from a pair of earrings to the latest shape in sleeves was christened *Malbrouk*. Mrs. Parr, the well-known writer, has in her possession several beautiful and some curious fans, the most interesting being one of sandal-wood designed for her by Mr. George Fox.

On each rounded stick, above the connecting ribbon, are sketches in black and white, or spaces for such sketches, and the artist has written his name below the ribbon.

A charming idea, even had the names no interest beyond that of personal friendship; but when they are those of past and present men of note, the value is much increased. Owing to the kindness of Mrs. Parr I was able to see it, and two or three sketches have been added within the last few months, notably a bust of Mr. Gladstone, in helmet and coat of mail, admirably done by Sir John Tenniel.

The signatures include many well-known names, and as there are several spaces still vacant, this fan will be, in a few years time, one of the most interesting to be seen.



# *An Obtrusive Admirer.*

WRITTEN BY W. PETT RIDGE. ILLUSTRATED BY HAL HURST.

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**L**YNTON and Lynmouth are crowded in summer with newly-married couples who like to turn their backs on the world and lob pebbles into the ocean from the Devonshire coast, and kiss. Lynton, in fact, is an awkward place for a modest bachelor to visit, inasmuch as he has to keep up a perpetual minatory cough to warn the absorbed couples of his approach. A suggestion that all visitors who are neither brides nor bridegrooms, or at least engaged, should wear a tinkling brass bell has not yet been finally adopted.

"They seem fond of each other," said Mr. Jerningham, putting a fern in his book.

"He is very fond of Susanna," said Mrs. Willis, pointedly. "But she is rather peculiar, and really it seems to me the rule is that young people should never marry nowadays."

"There are still some exceptions," said Mr. Jerningham. "My hotel is full of them. They feed each other at breakfast, and make me want to scream."

"Robert is such a sensible fellow," Mrs. Willis sighed. It was a large sigh, for Mrs. Willis was, as lady writers with delicacy phrase it, inclined to embonpoint. "He is so much like you were at his age."

"And yet you didn't marry me," remarked Mr. Jerningham.

"That was a blunder."

They stepped into the car of the funicular railway which goes down the hill to Lynmouth. The young people were walking down.

"Instead," remarked Mr. Jerningham, good-humouredly, "you married Mr. Willis, of the Indian Civil Service."

"That," said Mrs. Willis, with much earnestness, "that was a calamity."

Mr. Jerningham bowed. They were excellent friends these two, and there is indeed no reason why people who have been sweethearts in the twenties should

*ipso facto* in the forties hate each other. The car stopped at the bottom of the cliff, and they stepped out to wait for the two young people.

"Your nephew would marry Susanna to-morrow," said that young lady's aunt, resuming the topic, "if he had the chance. And it would be a good thing too for her."

"History seems to think that it must repeat itself. Because I'm a literary man, Robert is a literary man, and a very promising one, too. Because I fell in love once with you he thinks it is the correct thing to fall in love with Susanna. And because you refused me—"

"Something must be done. If the strong arm of the law can do nothing, something else must."

Mr. Jerningham tipped his soft white hat over his eyes and re-opened his book.

"Don't begin to read, John," cried Mrs. Willis, plaintively, "when such an important subject is at stake."

"Hadn't we better leave affairs to take their own course?"

"Certainly not. Certainly not. Affairs want guidance. Affairs require control. Why, bless my soul, Providence would be nothing without our help. Come, now, John, you often bring young people together in your stories. Do it for once in real life."

"It's so much easier on paper," said Jerningham.

"At any rate, have a try."

"Very well," said Jerningham. He waved his hand to the two young people. The youth was noting down local colour on the back of an envelope; the girl was watching him. "Very well, I will have a try." And went straightway to the post-office.

The afternoon of the next day was fine, as afternoons are sometimes even in the summer. Mrs. Willis's niece, being desirous of finishing the third volume of an absorbing novel by Mr. Jerningham, decided, like the self-willed young person,

that she would walk out alone towards the Valley of Rocks and read. When Robert offered his services as companion she said loftily that she was capable of taking care of herself.

"Stop here, Robert," said Mr. Jerningham. "I want to talk to you."

"Very well, uncle." The young man turned to Susanna. "Perhaps I may come to meet you?"

"There is absolutely no necessity, Robert."

"I don't know," said Mr. Jerningham, "whether it is quite safe for attractive young ladies——"

"Thank you."

"To walk about alone."

"There should be a detachment of the Life Guards to protect me," said Susanna, "but the Commander-in-Chief has overlooked it I suppose. In their absence I think I will look after myself."

The confident young person having walked sturdily along for a mile, sat down and pursued the career of the hero of Mr. Jerningham's ingenious work. She was within a chapter of the end, when someone behind her spoke.

"Pardon me, miss. Can you oblige me with the time?"

He was a big-headed man in a straw hat, not quite large enough for him, and two ears that stood out like wings. He lifted his straw hat, and spoke with so much politeness that there was no alternative but to answer the question.

"Much obliged, miss, much obliged. My nime's Potter, that's what my nime is. I on'y come down last night, and I'm jest strollin' round now, tiking the measure of the place as you may say. You don't object to smokin', Miss, I 'ope?"

Susanna answered distantly that she did not object to smoking.

"That's lucky. I'm just in the middle of as nice as twopenny ceegar as you can git in all Lambeth. The flavour," said Mr. Potter looking at the burning black end admiringly, "the flavour can't be beat at the price."

He cut off the head of a dandelion with his cane, and smiled agreeably.

"Appen to know the metropolis at all, Miss?"

Susanna, half-amused by the man's anxiety to talk, replied that she lived at Kensington.

"Kennington?" cried Mr. Potter, "why I know Kennington as well as I know——"

"I said Kensington."

"Beg pardon. Thought you said Kennington. I don't live a great way from the Oval, I don't. Ask for me any time at the club jest by the Elephant and Castle station."

"I don't think there will be any need to do so."

"Quite so, lidy, quite so. I reckon we mix in different sprees as you may say. And I shouldn't wonder" (ingratiatingly), "if you wasn't as great a favorite in your spere as I am in my spere."

Susanna closed her book, and stood upright.

"Do you mind if I say good-day?" she asked.

"One moment, Miss. I'm a bit nervous down 'ere all by my little lonesome and I don't like the idea of giving up your company. Will you do me the great honour and the great pleasure of allowin' me to ecompany you back to the town?"

"I am afraid," she said coldly, "that I cannot prevent you from doing so."

"Vurry nicely put," said Mr. Potter with enthusiasm, "vurry nicely put, indeed."

"Do you go back to London soon?"

"I go," said Mr. Potter thoughtfully, "as soon as ever I can, you may bet your boots on that. The country may suit a lot of people but it don't suit me. I like more pubs and more gas, and more pals and more everythink!"

"The country is quiet."

"Quiet?" repeated Mr. Potter, "You call it quiet? I call it a blankey churchyard."

She hastened on and Mr. Potter followed quickly.

"Now don't be offended at a little bit of language like that," begged Mr. Potter. "It slipped out onintentional. I get so in the 'abit of it I don't know 'alf me time when I use a nadjective and when I don't. Shall you be out 'ere this time to-morrow, Miss?"

"I will take great care not to be," cried Susanna, trembling. "How dare you take hold of my arm, sir? Let me go at once."

"What!" said the surprised Mr. Potter, "without so much as a farewell kiss? O, woman, woman, what a myst'ry you are."

Miss Susanna endeavoured to disengage her white bloused arm from Mr. Potter's grasp. Her voice rose pro-



"I WILL LOOK AFTER MYSELF"

testingly; she managed to get free and then with all swiftness she ran. And Mr. Potter followed.

"Don't be in a 'urry Miss," he called out. "I shall be sure to catch you."

The frightened running girl could hear him grunting close behind her. Her foot slipped and as she screamed, a most appropriate thing happened. Mr. Jerningham's nephew sprang down from the pathway above; almost falling upon the excellent Mr. Potter and sending him to the ground. Potter was up directly.

"You never wired to say you was

coming," complained Mr. Potter panting, "You'll 'ave to take pot luck."

A really excellent set to. Robert had learnt boxing with rather better results than most amateurs can show; Mr. Potter had a pretty way of feinting, of bringing his fist round unexpectedly that was at first confusing.

"Don't let him hurt you, Robert dear."

"I won't 'urt him," said Mr. Potter dodging a blow, "I'll only spile him, that's all."

It is so difficult in matters of sport to prophesy with accuracy. Two well planted blows by Robert, one by the

side of Mr. Potter's head and the other, a stunning one, under the jaw caused that gentleman to give in.

"Ere stiddy on," he cried protestingly, "I don't want to be knocked all to bits. I've got a return ticket to London."

"I should advise you," said Mr. Jerningham's nephew, resuming his jacket, "to use it as speedily as possible."

"I shall use it," said Mr. Potter mopping his face and looking with curiosity at his handkerchief, "when I jolly well like."

"If I find you loafing about here again and if you dare to look again at this young lady——"

"Might she happen to be your wife may I kindly ask?"

"She is not my wife yet," said Mr. Jerningham's nephew, "and I fear——"

"But Robert! I soon shall be."

"My dearest!"

"Well all I can say is," said Mr. Potter, picking up the fag end of his cigar, which in the struggle had fallen, "all I can say is I 'ope I shan't see neither of you again."

"You could wish us nothing better."

At the hotel a spirited account of the adventure by the flushed, excited girl. Mr. Jerningham and Mrs. Willis much interested.

"And he ran after you?" cried the perturbed Mrs. Willis.

"Yes, he ran after me. And——"

"Chased Susanna," murmured Mr. Jerningham.

"Uncle, I don't think this is a matter to joke about. It is evidently not safe for her to go out alone."

"I suppose then," said Mrs. Willis, "I suppose I must try and go with her."

"We've thought of another plan," said the young man diffidently. "Susanna is going to be my dear wife."

"Good!" cried Mr. Jerningham, "I'm delighted to hear it. And that reminds me. I have to see some one off by the coach to Ilfracombe. No: don't you come."

Mr. Jerningham's friend was having a long drink in the "Crown." The face of Mr. Jerningham's friend was bruised somewhat, as faces will which have come in contact with a harder substance. He took the note from Mr. Jerningham and touched his straw hat.

"Not but what, mind ye," said Mr. Potter, "I shouldn't 'ave awsked for another pahnd if I'd knowed the young chap was so 'andy with his maulers. I tell you sir, I had as much as I could do to 'old me own."

"Still, you managed very well, Potter. Did you see about that dog for me that I lost just before leaving town?"

"I have seed about it, sir," said Mr. Potter, "and I ain't seed about it, if you understand me. But that dawg's as good as found, you take it from me. When Awthur Potter takes a job in 'and, it's sife"





VIEW OF THE WORCESTER ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS

## *The Mysteries of Royal Worcester.*

BY STANHOPE SPRIGG AND ERNEST LEWIS.

**T**HREE is something curiously suggestive in an old-world phrase in a little guide that is purchased by every visitor to the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. "The study of the origin of this famous porcelain," says the unknown author, "is neither deficient in dignity nor limited to trifling investigations, nor rewarded with insufficient results." Does not this sentence, in its elegant turn of expression, its conscious elevation, its oppressive air of solemn admonition, recall, in a flash as it were, those dead-and-gone times when the minuet, knee breeches and powder, the gavotte and the pompadour costume set the pulse of our social life? when George III. was King; and when, as a matter of fact, Worcester porcelain received the first favour in Royal patronage without which—such is oftentimes the fate of a great art—it might have languished in obscurity, and possibly passed into oblivion.

"Royal Worcester" porcelain, we must remember, entered upon its earliest career in an extravagant age. As a matter of fact, it was first produced

about the middle of the last century, at a time when fashion was clamouring for Chinese or Japanese porcelain of a particular design. Then brilliant colours, paintings and rich gilt decorations were demanded, not because purchasers thought they were the more beautiful, but to harmonise with the decorative furniture and surroundings of the Louis period then in vogue. The enterprise, therefore, made its entrance into the world with some curiously commercial advantages; but it owed its habitation at the city of loyalty to a curious accident.

Political rivalry in Worcester about the middle of the last century, it seems, ran very high, and one of the parties was, as usually happens, chagrined by defeat at the hustings. In the hope of strengthening their forces for a future battle, the disappointed political financiers resolved on a clever move. They determined to establish a new industry in Worcester with the view of attracting artisans to the city, and so securing votes and victory in the future; and so, according to accredited tradition, this selfish motive gave to the world Worcester porcelain.

But the prime existence of the porcelain is, after all, attributable to another, and a more unselfish cause. One Dr. Wall, a man who was of high repute in his University, Oxford, and whose taste



ONE OF THE PAIR OF VASES, RICHLY DECORATED IN INDIAN STYLE,  
PRESENTED TO H.M. THE QUEEN ON HER JUBILEE, JUNE, 1887,  
BY THE LADIES OF WORCESTER.

in painting, and chemical knowledge were everywhere held in high esteem, first produced the porcelain, laying great stress on the fact that it was more like the Chinese in appearance, texture and glaze than any other artificial porcelain of the time. Knowing that this was then esteemed a great virtue, it is not surprising to read that the politicians of Worcester did not cast about long before they decided to avail themselves of Dr. Wall's invention.

Accordingly, a bargain was struck and a company was formed. Prominent among the founders were the names of Dr. Wall and Mr. Edward Cave—a literary celebrity of some moment, and at the time the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. In old numbers of the magazine there appear interesting notices of the Worcester works, and the present managers could not understand the interest and zeal of the *Magazine* in promoting the enterprise until a few years ago, when the original deed relating to the promotion of the company came into their hands, which gives the names of the proprietors and the terms upon which the company was formed.

The porcelain, which has adorned Royal palaces and noblemen's castles, was not, however, at first quite perfect. Indeed, it will bear ill comparison with the Royal porcelain for which the works afterwards became celebrated. Dr. Wall, it has been said, took the Chinese for his model. Well, the Chinese porcelain is the most perfect in the world in its composition, and it was this perfection of body that Dr. Wall imitated. Chinese porcelain was being purchased by Royalty, and so it was deemed wise, in a commercial sense, to imitate it. Worcester porcelain subsequently exhibited so much of the character of the Oriental as to deceive even the experienced eye. The fact, too, that these specimens were produced before the discovery of any of those clays which are now deemed indispensable to the production of delicate fabrics, adds to the interest and value of the old Worcester specimens.

There are for examples of those times some interesting patterns of Tonquin porcelain in cobalt blue, which were manufactured and are now preserved at the works—a Chinese lady being painted in one case, and a cow ridden by a lady in another. The work of manufacturing Worcester porcelain did not require, at the commencement, first-rate artificers, but a short time brought a change.

The patterns on the porcelain changed

to birds and flowers and insects; and the work then evinced taste and ability and more elaboration and care in tracing and gilding. The gilding, indeed, at this period was very interesting, and that feature has been always one of the best characteristics of Worcester porcelain. Connoisseurs attribute the rich appearance of Worcester gold, not only to the purity of the metal and the beauty of the work, but also to the texture of the glaze, which, being hard, does not absorb the metal.

Soon after this time when the decoration changed to birds and flowers, an important event occurred, which changed the condition of things in Worcester porcelain. That was the discovery of an ingenious yet simple method of reproducing intricate patterns, namely, copper plate transfer printing. Investigations have been made as to who should have the credit for the invention; and Mr. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., one of the present managing directors, has proved that it belongs to Robert Hancock. Some engravings which have been discovered signed with his name, prove his connection at one time with the enamel works at Battersea, and afterwards with Worcester. One of the earliest specimens of this man's printing upon porcelain is a Worcester cup decorated with the portrait of the King of Prussia, which is printed in black. Changes in the subjects at this period, however, followed each other in great variety. Picturesque views of ruins, hunting and racing scenes, tea-parties, pastoral scenes, and fishing-parties—evidently after Chinese, Chelsea, and Dresden models—were the prevailing characteristics, and, no doubt, the porcelain was very beautiful, and excellently fitted for the delicate engravings with which it was decorated. Now it is a luxury to have our sideboard furnished with the Tonquin porcelain produced at the Worcester works, so rare have the specimens become.

Dr. Wall died in 1776, and in 1783 the Porcelain Company's property was sold to Mr. Flight for £5,250. The original firm had acquired an imposing mansion for the manufactory, with garden running down to the banks of the Severn, but it was now considered desirable to

establish the business in a more central part of the city, and this was accordingly done.

The first time the manufactory was honoured by Royalty was in 1788—at 65, High Street: then King George III. and his family visited Worcester, and after that came a long string of Royal visits. From that day down to the present the porcelain has been called Royal.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that



A SPECIMEN OF PIERCED WORK

it was at that time the custom of Royalty to mark occasions of great dignity by furnishing their residences with new designs in porcelain, &c. In 1810 the state of health of George III. became

such that an Act of Parliament was passed conferring the position of Regent upon the Prince of Wales. In anticipation of this honour several splendid services, costing £40,000, were ordered at Worcester. A special porcelain was



MODERN WORCESTER, NEW STYLE

produced for these orders and christened the Regent porcelain, which was composed exactly according to the plan of Dr. Wall, but with the addition of new materials since discovered.

There was not, however, in Worcester porcelain, under the direction of Mr. Flight, the same display of artistic talent as there was in the earlier days, and the reputation of the porcelain seems to have waned somewhat as time went on. After the King's visit it was re-established; and the patronage of the King attracted the attention and favour of the most celebrated personages of the kingdom to Worcester's principal industry with excellent artistic and financial results.

The fashion of having dress services with full armorial bearings emblazoned

eventually became the rage. Indeed, the succession to a title or a highly fashionable marriage was frequently made the occasion of a new display of Worcester porcelain. The design for the service for the Duke of Clarence, for instance, was emblematical of his seafaring love. The centre was painted in monochrome, and the subject was the sea, with a ship of war in the distance and the figure of "Hope" in the foreground, the whole encircled with irradiating ornament.

Worcester porcelain, after this fashion died down, again underwent changes; and the subjects made favourites were landscapes, shells, fruit, and groups of flowers, and Cupid subjects. They had then at the works a clever flower painter, who showed great genius in grouping flowers. A Mr. Chamberlain, however, who had been engaged with the original Company under Dr. Wall, left the works when they were sold to Mr. Flight and commenced business on his own account in the premises at present occupied by the Porcelain Company. Competition then became severe, but the two firms eventually strengthened their position by uniting in 1840. The company, however, was dissolved in 1848, and after several changes Mr. R. W. Binns came to Worcester in 1852 to join Mr. W. H. Kerr, and in 1862 commenced the present joint stock company.

The faithful city has become famous for another porcelain. Among the works of art displayed in the great London Exhibition of 1851 were some elegant specimens of ivory sculpture; and the soft tone of the ivory suggested a new application of porcelain. A series of experiments were accordingly undertaken, which resulted in the Worcester "ivory porcelain." This new porcelain appears to have added considerably to the reputation of the Worcester Company, as many of the rich works which have from time to time issued from Worcester during the last 40 years of the most real excellence, are of ivory porcelain. Soft, creamy in its tone, translucent in its paste, tender in its glazes, whether bright as glass or soft as velvet, it lends itself admirably to the decorator's finest touch.

The direction of the works has ever been practical, and about this time began another new departure. The work up to that date produced at

Worcester was almost exclusively services, but after the London Exhibition the field appeared to be opening for the employment of the skill of the Worcester artists in producing ornamental pieces. These works of art represent the Worcester production in a more artistic character. One can trace also, how, from time to time, the whims and fashions have changed in this department. At one time the Chinese hexagon jar seems to have been the favourite, ground with rich dark blue, bearing white panels filled with birds brilliantly coloured and spiritedly drawn, the gilding rich and solid, after the style of Louis XV. Some, however, are adaptations from the Chinese and Japanese style, decorated with their native flowers, birds, and ornaments, while others are painted with bold groups of flowers, after the best Dresden style.

In the modern work the adaptation of the style of old Sévres is eminently happy and in the best taste. There are few works of Worcester porcelain more interesting than the numerous vases, tazzas, ewers, and other ornaments in Oriental, Italian Renaissance, Cloisonné, and every conventional style, whether representing the grace of form or the manner of the decoration. The favourite design now consists of panels, in which groups of flowers are beautifully painted with rich, soft colours and mellow tones. The soft, creamy tint of ivory forms the ground, the panels being filled with decorative subjects. Another interesting production introduces the characteristics of the old Worcester of 1780, being delicately painted with designs of flowers.

One cannot be surprised, however, on being told that departures are being continually made in the production of the porcelain, or in the method of treatment, and thus stained ivory is being adapted as well as porcelain for the vases and ornaments, offering a variation to the ivory porcelain, which has been so freely copied over all the world.

A great feature has been made of the

ornamental porcelain, but the department connected with useful services has not been allowed to deteriorate from the high standard attained, as a visit to the room laid out with a delightful show of tea, dinner, dessert and breakfast services, elaborate yet inexpensive, would prove.

Earthenware has never been produced at Worcester, but besides fine porcelain there is manufactured a semi-porcelain, or vitreous ware, which is largely used in regimental messes, clubs, and hotels, on account of its durability; and during



AN IVORY PORCELAIN VASE WITH CHRYSANTHEMUM  
IN CLOISONNÉ GOLD WORK

the last few years the company have purchased the old independent enterprise of Messrs. Grainger, which is being carried on as a separate establishment.



A SET OF THREE PIECES, JARDINIÈRE AND TWO EWERS IN THE STYLE OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE, PRESENTED TO THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUDLEY UPON THEIR MARRIAGE BY THE CITY OF WORCESTER

History, however, exhibits the Royal Worcester Works as the proud founder of three notable porcelains in sequence—the Tonquin, the Regent, and the Ivory, at different periods of its career. The company is now being directed with spirit and persistent regard for the very

highest standard of workmanship and artistic taste by Messrs. R. W. Binns, F.S.A., and E. P. Evans. Mr. W. Moore Binns superintends the art departments, and Mr. C. F. Binns the technique. The works employ 600 or 700 hands.



## Mr. John Hare's Favourite Part.

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READERS of the March number of *The Ludgate* will have observed an omission, discovered too late for its rectification. Owing to an accident, the letter from Mr. John Hare, mentioned in the article "Actors on their Parts" as being reproduced in facsimile, did not appear in that number. The letter, in which Mr. Hare expresses a very natural preference for the part in which, perhaps, of all others, he has most delighted the theatre-going public, is accordingly given here. You will perhaps be content to have endured the delay, since you are now given, in addition to the omitted letter, a portrait of Mr. Hare in the part in question: that of Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Pair of Spectacles*.



MR. JOHN HARE AS "BENJAMIN GOLDFINCH"

86  
To my dear friend  
I should be inclined to say  
Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch  
in a Party Shower.  
was his favorite part  
in his life  
in fact  
of course

## *The Music-Halls.*

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MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES.

**S**OME of the very prettiest costumes in London are being worn just now at the Alhambra by Mdlle. Liane de Vries, who has come over from Paris to delight English

are mostly of the gaiety of a gay and thoughtless life. To compare the songs with their English counterparts, the methods of the singer with those of the ladies who do the same sort of thing—



MDLLE. LIANE DE VRIES

audiences by the charm with which she renders the French equivalents of songs with whose English forms they are already familiar. She calls herself a "Gommeuse Parisienne," and her songs

with a difference—on this side of the Channel, is interesting, but hardly results in that feeling of complacency with which the true-born Britisher loves to regard the productions of the foreigner.



MDLLE. JUNIORI

Mdlle. de Vriés made her first appearance not very long ago in Paris, and then started on a most successful tour in Italy and Hungary. She re-appeared last year in the French capital at the El Dorado. Then she was re-engaged for the El Dorado and the Scala, whence she came to pay her first—but not, you may be certain, her last—visit to England.

#### MDLLE. JUNIORI.

Mdlle. Juniori, who is now appearing most successfully at the Empire, is one

of the growing army of those who have left the more or less legitimate, to become a star of the variety stage. She had already a considerable reputation, gained in opera in Paris, when she decided to seek new honours, and took to appearing on the halls. Her success was great and instantaneous, and when she crossed the Channel and appeared in London it was immediately ratified by the applause of English audiences. Her re-appearance at the Empire after so brief an interval of time is a further testimonial to her powers.

## Mr. Robert Barr.

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LIKE Ancient Pistol, Robert Barr may reasonably say of himself, "The world's mine oyster;" cosmopolitan is he to a degree which this century end alone knows. He is ever going somewhere or arriving from somewhere; he is ever ready to talk to anybody on any subject; his knowledge of human affairs is as wide as his experience of them. A novelist, speaking ideally, should be man, woman, child, and baby rolled into one. In his single person he should contain and control, as a puppet-show-man his dolls, the essence of both sexes, at all ages, with their animal side and their mental or spiritual side equally sure and clear to his gaze. It is no mere flattery when you say of Barr that he belongs to the limited and sympathetic class of souls who can thus see the truth about their kind. It is this abundant sympathy with his fellows which enables him to winnow the grain of wheat out of every bushel of human chaff he has met in his wanderings; and the electric power of such a sense of humour as few possess helps the artist in him to that most difficult of all a novelist's tasks—selection. Robert Barr cannot be dull nor diffuse, for this splendid underlying sense of humour, though a precious servant, is at the same time a strict master. Under its control his own work to him is judged fearlessly, without the least reverence or prejudice. Dear old Wilkie Collins, when reading one of his last plays to the company about to rehearse it for future production, broke down in a pathetic passage, wiped his eyes, and exclaimed brokenly: "Really, ladies and gentlemen, I had no idea this was so beautiful!" Did Barr find his own work producing the sting of a tear in his nose, he would like enough roar with laughter at the fact. Which proves a circumambient, all-encompassing sense of humour not to be appreciated unless you know Robert Barr. He is a magical talker, and scatters his good things with so lavish a hand that, once or twice, swine have appropriated his pearls and thus abused his confidences. Epigram, phrase and delicious simile come tumbling in a stream with the smoke of his eternal cigarette. No man has made others

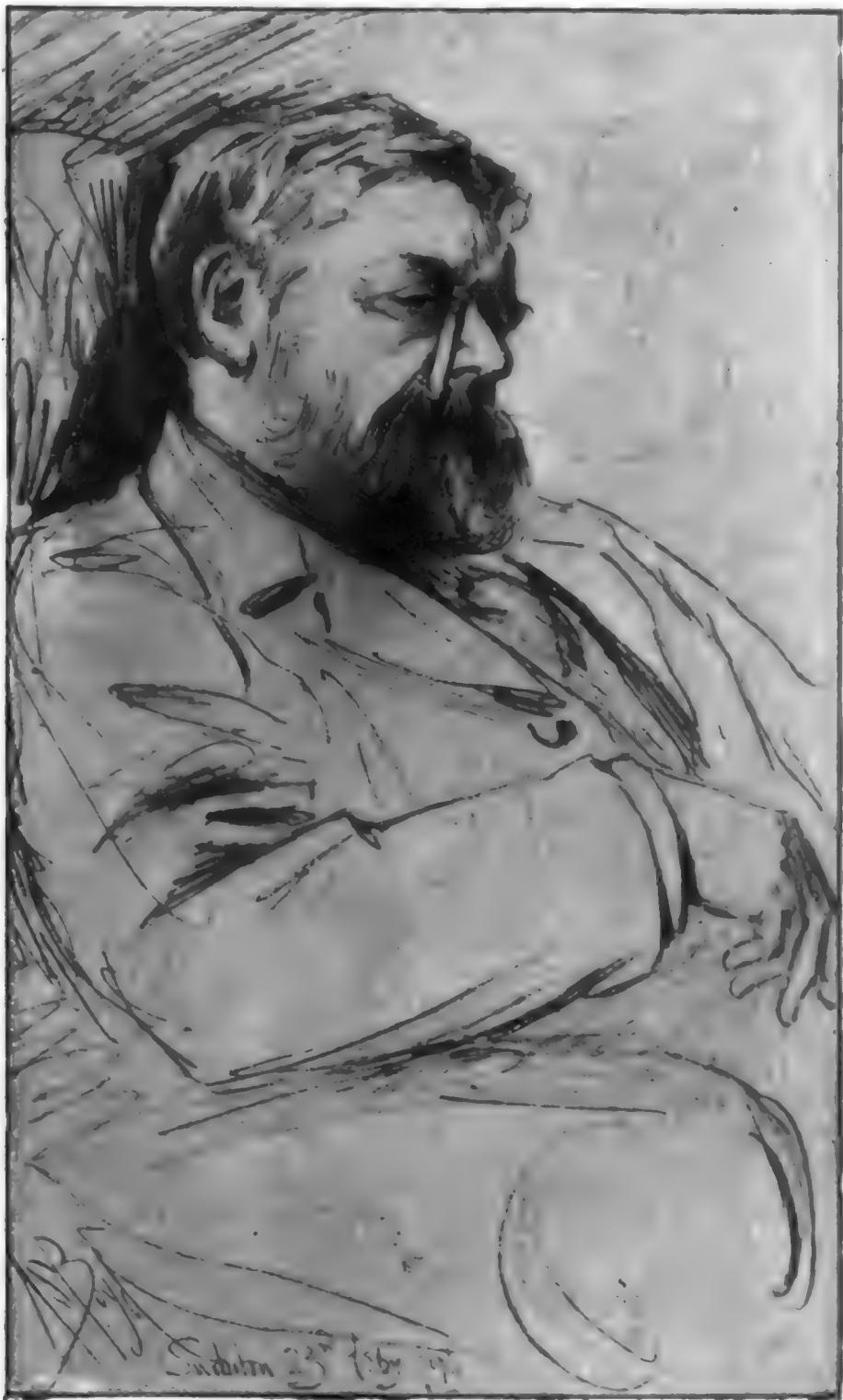
forget Time oftener; no man, both by the written and spoken word, has brought a healthier, cleaner, sweeter flood of honest laughter into the world. There are some rather extraordinary peculiarities about him, too. A splendid talker, he is also a good listener—rarest of combinations; versed in current fiction and a kindly critic, he knows—none better—what lies behind the poorest creation, the feeblest original effort: so he invariably discusses his fellow-craftsmen in a broad and genial spirit, missing no flaw, indeed, but quick as lightning to detect a sparkle, slow to pronounce any honest effort quite worthless.

Barr is among the few men who ever won a bet off Kipling. They were smoking together, and Barr told a story he was then writing. At the climax Kipling stopped him. "Half-a-crown," he said, "that I can give you a better ending than your own." "Done," answered Barr and finished his yarn. Rudyard said never a word but put half-a-crown on the table. The tale in question was *Share and Share Alike*, which readers of *Black and White* will remember, and the terrific ending whereof admits of no possible modification. Robert Barr is among the few novelists possessing a mastery of the short story, and understanding the entirely different conditions which go to great and small canvases. He is versatile in a hundred ways, and his pure humour has a mellow flavour of its own that has made him, as Stevenson was, the personal friend of hundreds who only know him through his work, who have never felt the grip of his hand, never heard his distinctive voice, never noted the characteristic twinkle of his grey eyes nor the cock of his cigarette. No man hath seen Robert Barr at work at any time; yet few story-tellers labour harder, as the readers of two continents know well enough. Of his later novels, which best exhibit his varied qualities and give an idea of his cosmopolitan experiences, you may instance *In a Steamer Chair*, *In the Midst of Alarums*—a delicious rural comedy of Canada, with the smoke of gunpowder and the smell of new-mown hay mingling in it; *From Whose Bourne* and *A Woman Intervenes*. What he has done in these four books

alone is mighty good; what he can do we hesitate not to prophecy. Of the great novels that shall be written before the century's end, Barr will contribute his share. His work is always

admiration, for his combination of gifts is unique and his use of them not less than masterly.

So, Robert, there you are! You have been taken seriously, and you will



MR. ROBERT BARR  
Drawn by A. S. Boyd

alive, and of such, and such only, is the kingdom of books which endure. The man's fiction possesses qualities of masculine strength, womanly purity, boyish freshness and ripe, all-pervading humour that command attention and compel

laugh louder at that than if you had been treated in jest; because to be taken seriously by others is a circumstance only less comic in your eyes than to take yourself so. That you never have done and never will.



## THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HAL HURST.

### FROM THE ATELIER

THE other morning I arose as usual, breakfasted, glanced through the morning papers and found them very dull. Then I went to the window and found that the sun was shining. "I will go out," I said to myself, "and see what the world is doing." So I put on my hat and gloves, selected a stick of such lightness and airiness as befit the early spring, and started in the direction of the club. As I walked, I was met by a slight obstruction, a knot of people gathered upon the pavement, over which an awning had been stretched. By the kerb stood a carriage, and from the carriage stepped—slowly and circumspectly—two ladies, who seemed to be carrying the greater part of their dresses over their arms. I knew them. The younger, who looked as though she came off a wedding-cake, saw me and smiled.

"Hullo! What's this? Dear me! going to be married and never told me?" I said.—"No—going to be presented—it's the Drawing Room to-day," she said.

"But the Queen doesn't live here," I said.—"The photographer does," she said, "everybody is photographed before being presented, you know."

"But—look here—I want to know"—I began.—"No, no, I can't wait," she said, and disappeared into the doorway.

"Ha—now what do I know about Drawing Rooms?" I murmured to myself as I proceeded on my way. "I have read hundreds of times how débütantes go trembling to Buckingham Palace, wait nervously in corridors and ante-rooms, pass hypnotically through

the Throne Room, make their curtseys and tumble over their trains in their anxiety to leave the Royal presence with becoming respect, and then receive their friends at a Drawing Room tea. All this everybody knows, but—"

And then as I walked and looked this way and that way the words "Court Dressmaker" arrested my eye.

I did not hesitate, but entered. It was not exactly a shop, and not exactly a boudoir, but contained elements of both. The carpet was thick, and let no footfall resound. Objects of "bigotry and virtue" were scattered about. In graceful attitudes by the fire or standing negligently about the room were elegant and distinguished young ladies who seemed to be the daughters of peers disguised as shop-girls. Here and there were dress-stands, some draped in dainty confections, some in hideous nudity. It was a Temple of Fashion. The high-priestess came forward, and I disclosed my name and my mission. "Well," she said, "our work for to-day's Drawing Room is over, of course; but we have several orders for the next already in hand."

"May I see one being built?"—"Certainly," and she led the way to an adjacent room in which several girls were sitting, and sewing bits of things together. On a long table lay something which looked like a very expensive bed-quilt. "This is a very handsome one," she said, fingering it very tenderly, "it is for Lady —."

"But is that a dress?" I asked.—"It is the essential part of a Court dress—the

train. You know a Court dress must have a train at least three yards long, and they are very often much longer."

"Does the Lord Chamberlain stand by with a yard measure in case a train is too short?"—"There is no need for

a fair average, while they may run up to any figure. You see the proper thing is to have embroidery on the train and embroidery is about the most expensive thing you can have. This train has just come back from Paris."



REHEARSING FOR THE DRAWING ROOM

that. The dressmaker knows her business, and would not permit a client to economise in that way."

"I suppose these things are very expensive?"—"Sixty guineas would be quite a low price, a hundred is, perhaps,

"Why from Paris?"—"Nearly all the embroidery—all the best—is done in Paris. I can't tell why, but it seems almost impossible to get it done in Britain. And when it is done it costs nearly three times as much, and is not

nearly so good. Of course I send over my design, and they work upon that."

"A dress of that kind can't be worn anywhere else but at a Drawing Room can it?"—"The train cannot; but the train is really a separate thing—see." And she picked up the train, and deftly fitted it to the shoulders of a dress which clothed a dress-stand. "You see, without the train it is simply a handsome evening gown."

"Ah, then, the same train will do for any number of dresses?"—The high priestess looked hurt. "Of course," she said, "there are dowdy people—duchesses, perhaps, can afford to be dowdy—who wear the same train time after time; but not smart people. You see their friends know their dresses, and would notice immediately if they wore the same one more than once or twice, and that would never do, would it? But they often have their trains cut up and turned to other uses."

"Some people," I remarked, reflectively, "must run up enormous bills."—"They do, indeed," said the dressmaker.

"Do they pay them?"—"The smartest people pay something now and then on account."

"I have heard that a large number of family diamonds are in the hands of London dressmakers. Is that true?"—"I will tell you if you will promise not to tell anybody." I promised, and she told me; but, of course, I cannot tell you.

"And how long does it take to make a Court gown?"—"Well, we like to have plenty of time, but, at a pinch, we could put together a dress in a few hours. Once a lady came here early in the morning of a Drawing Room day. She had just decided to go, and had nothing to wear. I set everyone to work on different portions of the dress, and she wore it that afternoon. Of course, we had plenty of materials ready."

"Then it doesn't take you long to design a dress?"—"O, no; as soon as I see a client I know what will suit her best, and I have always plenty of designs by me. I get ideas from all kinds of things—other dresses, the petal of a flower, anything."

#### FROM THE PALACE.

I had not walked a hundred yards up the street before I met a well-known Fashion Artist. "Do you know anything

of Drawing Rooms?" I asked.—"Well, I have seen something of them from two points of view," she replied; "as a débutante and as an artist."

"Then," I said, "we will go and have a little lunch together, and you shall tell me all about the latter."

"Well, now, please begin at the beginning," I said, as we picked at the *hors d'œuvre*. "How did you get in?"—"I simply drove up to the entrance in Buckingham Palace Road, and went in."

"And they didn't arrest you?"—"I had a letter from Princess Christian. I was to sketch her and her daughters. I was taken through a lot of stone passages and upstairs through corridors—miles of corridors, all carpeted in a hideous red and yellow, and decorated with cabinets full of china, and with occasional gold and scarlet footmen. At last I came to the room of the two young Princesses."

"What sort of a room was it?"—"It was over the main entrance, overlooking the Park, and all covered in shiny white chintz, with sprawly flowers. It was hideous. I don't believe there's a room in Buckingham Palace that isn't hideous. It's a sort of early Victorian nightmare. The Princesses were in an inner room; they were not quite ready. When they were ready, they came out, and—well, I sketched them. Their dresses were quite simple and inexpensive. They talked all the time, sometimes in German and sometimes in English. The younger was rather excited because it was her first appearance as a "grown-up," and she was practising holding her train over her arm. You know, in the Throne Room Royal Princesses stand with their trains over their arm; other people have their trains spread out behind them. Just as I had finished, we heard the sound of the Guards' band in the distance, and she ran to the window, crying: 'O! here come our dear Guards!' She was scarcely more than seventeen, you know."

"And then?"—"Then I was taken off by a maid through some miles of red and yellow corridors and down endless stairs—there are no lifts—to the Princess Christian's room. It was a pleasantly situated quiet room on the ground floor overlooking the gardens. The Princess was handsome and genial, and not in the least excited. You see, she had been to lots of Drawing Rooms before."

"What was she doing when you went in?"—"Standing up—it is about the only thing to do when you are in a Drawing Room gown. When I had done my sketch, the Princess asked me if I would like to see the Queen on her way to the Throne Room. Of course, I said 'Yes.' So a maid took me off again through several more miles of empty corridors, and presently we heard a tapping of sticks. We stepped aside into a cross corridor, and through the glass doors we saw the Prince and Princess of Wales with—I think—the Princess Maud, coming slowly along. In front of them were two gentlemen in Court dress carrying sticks. When they came to one of the innumerable small flights of steps and glass doors, the two gentlemen turned round, held open the doors, and walked backwards down the steps; then they beat on the floor with their sticks and started off again. It looked so funny to see them going through all that ceremony all by themselves in that interminable corridor."

"And did you see the Queen?"

"Yes, a few minutes afterwards she came by, very slowly, with two gentlemen in Court dress to clear a way through the empty corridor. She was leaning on someone's arm, but I didn't notice who it was. I was looking at the dear old Queen. No—she was not well-dressed, and she is growing infirm, but there is a dignity about her bearing, even though she hadn't the least idea that anyone was looking at her."

"And what did you do after that?"—"After that I went into the corridor, which faces the entrance hall, where people wait before they pass into the Throne Room, and talked to the people I knew and looked at their dresses. But I didn't stay long. I was longing for some tea."

"But don't they—"—"No. You get nothing to eat or drink at Buckingham Palace. But then there's no collection."

#### FROM THE STREET.

Having got all the information I could out of my friend, the Fashion Artist, I decided to stroll across the Park and view the ceremony from the outside. All along the road in front of the Palace were lines of policemen. Behind them pressed throngs of feminine sightseers—there were scarcely any men—watch-

ing solemnly and silently the carriages as they filed by, and craning their necks to get a glimpse of the piles of silk, satin and chiffon inside. But there was no pushing, shouting or struggling. Scarce a word was spoken, so breathless was the interest. The silence was as intense as if the ladies in the carriages were being driven to their execution. Presently, however, the Guards came along, headed by their band; and, as I could not hear myself speak, I walked on round to Buckingham Palace Road, when I found more crowds gathered round another entrance, into which carriages were rolling.

"I thought people always went in at the front," I said to a man by my side.

"I'm told these 'yer's the real toffs," he said, "them that drops in like when they thinks they will. Them other's the nobodies, as yer might sy, and 'as to wite till they're arst."

Just then a growler drove up and stopped outside the gateway. An elderly man stepped out, dressed in Windsor uniform, handed the cabman his fare, and walked through the throng in his knee-breeches and pumps up to the entrance.

"Well, I never," murmured the lady next to me, "I do call that a thing. Did you notice that, Emma?"

It had not escaped Emma's observation.

"It's what I call mean," said the first speaker, resentfully. "If people can't do the thing what I call proper they should stay at home and not go to Court at all. I lay if I was invited to Court I wouldn't stick at a few shillings to hire a brougham. Mean old thing!"

"Perhaps he had to go," said Emma, apologetically, "and all his carriages were down in the country, and—"

"Now, look over there," said the other, pointing to the Buckingham Palace Hotel, before which a brougham and pair was standing and obviously waiting for a Drawing Room party. "That's what I call doing it proper. They'd only have to walk across the road and hold their dresses up. But they hire, you see, they hire. There's no saving there. You may say what you like, Emma, but I do like to see things done what I call proper. And when you do go to Court you ought to go to Court—proper."

# Concerning the Nose.

BY H. G. WELLS.



THE purport of the human nose is still very largely a matter of conjecture. I refer, of course, to what the anatomists call the *external nose*, the salient angle, the protruding part. The organ of smell—*as everyone knows* in these days when lecturers on hygiene and physiology go to and fro in the land, sparing neither man, woman nor child—is within the head above the palate. The projection, the nose edifice, has nothing to do with smelling. The orang-outang, for in-

stance, has scarcely any such out-growth, nor have the monkeys, though these creatures have a far keener olfactory sense than man. That idea must be dismissed at once. The external nose has only an accidental topographical relation to the organ of smell.

"Then," says the reader, "what is the nose for?" That is the puzzle. Ornament? *Circumspice*. A sonnet to my lady's ear is pretty enough, because the ear is pretty, but the nose! It can mar beauty, but as for contributing it that is another matter. Yet if it is not for ornament one is forced back on the question, what use has it? The problem has evidently worried the world more or less seriously for ages. Barbaric man has

tried a ring through it, or shark's teeth, or an elegant bit of scroll work in tattoo, but none of these experiments throw much light upon the question. It is such a singularly passive member, its merit is to pass unnoticed. As a means of expressing emotion it is the feeblest of all the features, except, perhaps, the human ears. A certain grossness of insult it may achieve, suitably reefed and puckered, but as for any subtleties! Compare the thousand things one may convey with eyes and lips and eyebrows. Amid all the graceful play of conversational expression, it stands up dull and motionless, like a dunce upon a form, like the Nelson Monument amidst a Trafalgar Square riot.

The writers of the age of chivalry regarded it as the seat of dignity, and to a slight degree that persuasion survives. They looked upon it and valued it much as the Red Indian values his scalp lock. It was the emblem of a man's honour, his banner, his gage that you touched at your peril, a bell-pull on the front of him to raise the devil within. Tweak his



ear, have some playful accident with his eye, snap off a finger or two in the way of friendship, and he would forgive you; but lay one sacrilegious finger on this mystic symbol, point to it; nay! even

look at it with the faintest touch of disrespect, and only the duel, only swords and daggers could efface the wrong. He guarded the worthless commodity as carefully as the apple of his eye: more so, as one may see for oneself in those steel caps worn by Seventeenth Century men-at-arms, for the cheek went bare, the eye and brow naked, but a solicitous point of metal cherished this symbolic, stupid feature.

But that was a convention. A man's

called in to measure and mark the noses of our Sandhurst and Woolwich candidates, and the bishops would have stopped ordaining clergymen of an obviously flippant and unstable character. And we should read in the paper, "A man with a large nose seeks a position of trust."

By some modern biologists the human nose has been considered as akin to such excrescences as the horns of a deer, the comb of a cock, the wattles of a turkey,



honour and glory no more reside in his nose than his temper in his spleen. And so one harks back to the quest for practical uses again. It has been made much of by the physiognomist as a kind of repository for character. We have all heard of the large noses of great men—Wellington, for instance—and the persuasion is that a little nose is indicative of a trivial temperament. But if there was anything in this, practical people would have found it out long before now. Mr. Galton would have been

or the tail of bustard or peacock. As most people are aware, naturalists consider such useless exterior structures as being evolved by what they call "sexual selection." These developments are supposed to be the outcome of feminine preferences, things peculiarly attractive in the wooing of the species. The peacock spreads his tail to astonish and subdue the feminine mind, the wattles of the turkey become larger and more vivid when he is courting his mate. The fact of noses occurring in a lesser

degree among the wood, does not affect the case, for so, too, the peahen has a touch of her mate's colouring, and the reindeer of either sex have horns. Still, the theory to me, at least, seems far-fetched. And you cannot spread out a nose and swagger with it, as you can a peacock's tail. Indeed, I sometimes think modern biologists are too prone to hasty speculations of the sort, and mention it here simply to dissociate myself from a totally inadequate theory.

Many other suggestions have been made, but none are satisfactory. The true import of the nose still remains veiled in doubt. It stands upon our faces, the Sphinx, as it were, of our features: hieroglyphic, a riddle, a mystery. Indeed, at times it becomes almost intolerable, with its air of hidden significance. It mars our logic, satirises our science, is the idle member in an industrial age. What is the good of it? the lesson of it?

Is it in any way an omen?

I incline rather to the view that the average human nose is growing slowly

honourable prominence within a comparatively recent period. It is just possible that the present nose is what some people would call a Rudiment, a something destined to far more complicated developments in the remote future, a mere opening bud, and that we are as yet only in the morning twilight of the nose. Certainly the leading nations of the world have decidedly more prominent features than the inferior races, and this is entirely opposed to the rash supposition that the human nose will ultimately disappear from the effects of disuse. As Professor Weissmann, a profound rather than entertaining philosopher, has shown that disuse alone is insufficient to account for the disappearance of organs. And the use of pocket-handkerchiefs, eyeglasses and the like civilised con-

trivances must supply a gently beneficent stimulus to growth. And if the human nose is only a Rudiment—? All unsuspected, humanity may have a glorious inheritance here, a treasure like that of the Rennepons.

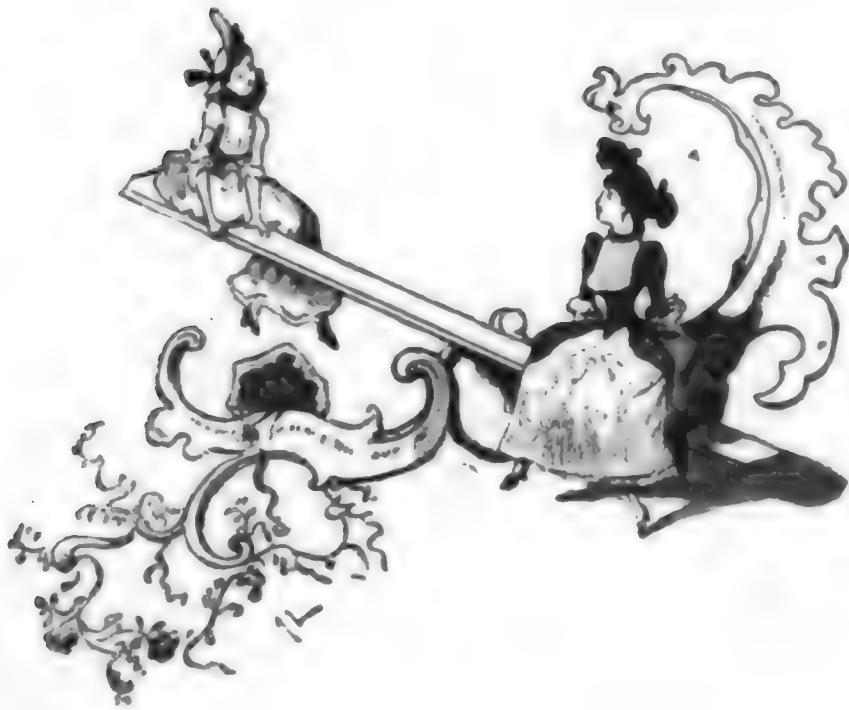


but steadily larger. One never sees the monstrous noses of to-day represented in antique art; the Egyptian nose was small and flat, and the Hebrew type seems to have developed to its present

The temptation to speculate is irresistible. Will it be a tentacle, one may ask—a third organ of prehension? A nice, long, twisty, white tentacle would be incalculably convenient. One could

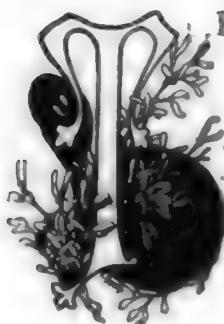
go into a room then with an umbrella, hat and three books from Mudie's, and still be able to shake hands. Or an accessory organ of voice, a kind of trumpet, an obligato to conversation? Or perhaps the swordfish supplies a suggestion. There are a thousand possibilities. For my own part, looking around me at the blobs, the amorphous lumps, the futile peaks, the squat unsettled bills, the truncated impertinence, the fitful starts and endless indecisions of the nose of to-day, I must refuse altogether to believe it is in anything but a transitory and

developing stage. One may conceive "advanced" noses, inspired with an evolutionary striving towards something higher, remoter, better—we know not what. We seem to need ideals here. Serious people might do worse than consider this question of the future of the nose. The new Humanitarian party, which has recently been good enough to take up the Evolution of Humanity in a systematic way, might conceivably tell us what to do with our noses for the good of the race. What would be the shape of a really Pioneer nose?



## Pictorial Incidents.

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THE pictures of the month include one of the balloon in which three daring adventurers, Herr Andrée, Dr. Ekhholm, and Herr Strindberg are to attempt a voyage to the North Pole. The balloon, whose diameter is  $21\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and its volume nearly 5,000 cubic yards, is so excellently made that it is expected to float for 900 days. It will carry 4,400 pounds of ballast, provisions to last four and a-half months, a boat, clothes, and 1,500 rounds of ammunition. The wicker basket contains sleeping quarters for two, while there will always be one man on watch. By means of drags the balloon will be kept at a distance of about 200 yards above the earth, and an arrangement has been made whereby the rate at which it is travelling may be calculated from observations on the drag-rope. Two pictures show the disastrous effects of the great dynamite explosion in Johannesburg, concerning which it is refreshing to remember that of the first £100,000 subscribed towards the Relief Fund almost the whole was given by the despised British Outlanders, so that the Transvaal is still the pensioner of those to whom it refuses the common rights of the taxpayer. In this connection you will view with interest our portraits of Dr. Jameson and his officers, who have lately appeared at Bow Street on divers occasions. Another illustration deals with the defeat of the Italians, under General Baratieri, at Adowa: an incident which is like to have no unimportant results for this country, inasmuch as it has already suggested to the wild tribes of the Soudan the idea of yet

another little raid upon the North of Egypt, and so compelled the advance of British troops on Dongola. Such an expedition is not undertaken lightly, and the past experiences of our soldiers in the Soudan suggest that grave news may be heard full soon. Another picture gives an example of the methods of the insurgent troops in Cuba. They have found dynamite extremely useful, and have greatly hampered the movements of the forces of the Government by blowing up bridges and railway lines. Our illustration shows the derailment, by this means, of a train which was being used to convey a large force of Government troops to the point at which their presence was demanded. Last of all, you have a representation of the final tableau in the new play at the Lyceum, *For the Crown*, which Mr. John Davidson has translated and adapted from the *Pour la Couronne* of François Coppée. Mr. Forbes Robertson as the hero, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell as a slave-girl, Militza, have scored great successes, and Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Charles Dalton, and Mr. Ian Robertson appear to great advantage in parts almost, if not equally, important. The play is a romance pure and simple, and one is glad to hear that the success of its first night was only an anticipation of the success it has since gained by the suffrages of the larger public. This fact, and that of the success of *The Prisoner of Zenda* at the St. James's, is eloquent of good tidings for those who like to get their sermons in churches, and look to the theatre for amusement only. For it proves that there are those among us who can give us the romance for which we are craving after a long spell of problem-plays, and that they are going to be encouraged to do their best for us.





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THE USE OF DYNAMITE IN CUBAN WARFARE



ITALIAN DEFEAT AT ADOWA



"FOR THE CROWN" AT THE LYCEUM

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE



THE "CHAPPIE"  
From a photograph by Hana Strand

## *In Praise of Laughter.*

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**A**CTION and reaction, they tell you in the physics text-books, are equal and opposite. To be happy, that is to say, is to feel like laughing; and to laugh is to feel exceeding happy. For this reason a multitude of people have reason to be grateful to Miss Alice Atherton for that she has temporarily quitted the theatre and introduced her "Laughing Song" to the more miscellaneous audiences that assemble and meet together in the music-halls. Briefly, it is a description, illustrated by the performer, of the divers ways in which people laugh. It begins with the laugh of the prim society miss, who deems all unrestrained expression of the emotions a sin of the most heinous description. It gives you next an im-

pression of the laughter of the languid and none too intellectual "chappie" who hears a good story at his club, and laughs because he is told it is a good story; then because he begins to perceive that it may very well turn out to be a good one, and last of all because he really has perceived the point of it. You are left in doubt as to whether the point, or the fact of his having perceived that point, is the thing which has finally induced him to laugh without restraint. After this follow other descriptions, which would be void and meaningless were it not for the marvellous mimetic skill of the performer. You end with the unctuous mirth of the darkey at a time when the whole plantation gives itself up to rejoicing, and with the arduous explosions of the



THE JEWEL



THE YOKEL

From photographs by Hana Strand



THE NIGGER  
From a photograph by Hana Strand

yokel—who does not exist, according to Mr. Hardy—when a circus visits the little town which is the metropolis of his world, and the clown gets on the job. Miss Atherton has delighted myriads in burlesque, and, of course, her coming to the halls has been deplored by many of those who believe the theatres sacrosanct and the other places hopelessly condemned. But she may be content to perform her present mission of amusement. She is an actress and a true comedian: which is to say, she introduces new things to music-hall audiences, and yet does no more than supply a demand which they have always been making within themselves. They have often laughed out of an abundant charity, or a desire to think themselves amused, at performances of the sorriest. Here the matter is taken altogether out of their control. A charming lady invades the stage and laughs with infinite amusement. You are not told the jests

which give her such pleasure, but she sings to the pleasantest of music; and it is impossible to suppose that her amusement is not perfectly spontaneous. Action and reaction are equal and opposite. You see and hear her laughing delightfully, and, be you ever so blasé, you are compelled to laugh with her. Now, the best medicine the whole wide world possesses is that of honest laughter, and to Miss Atherton the gratitude of all her hearers is due, for that she administers a remedy more effective than all the powders of physicians, and vastly more pleasant than the jam in which they are wont to conceal their remedies. Miss Atherton is an actress and a humorist on the music-hall stage, and the presence of one such actress in the halls should do much to remove from their frequenters the burden of having to laugh at things which in reality do but add to the depression bred of the need to work hard in days when work is ill paid.



THE simple village maiden is a fraud! Only the other day I was seized with a craving to gather primroses, which hurried me and mine to a sheltered spot I wot of in Surrey, where the golden stars twinkle early in the hedge-rows. Scarce a mile from the wayside-station is the ivy-covered inn, in whose quaint settle-lined chimney corner rustics gossip over their home-brewed, and in whose old garden daffodils cluster thickly. To this pleasant spot we hied, young Babs bearing a trowel and a rush-basket on account of the treasures we intended to filch from the meadows. On the way a heavy shower overtook us, and we reached the Green Bay Tree drenched. The kindly hostess greeted us warmly, ushered us into a cosy parlour, and, acting the good Samaritan, lent me a skirt belonging to her niece. I recollect noticing the girl on a former visit: a pretty, modest-looking damsel with dark eyes and rosy cheeks—an ideal rural beauty in fact. While my frock was drying, I gratefully donned the charitable garment; and as the rain stopped we were soon busy exploring. Finding myself in need of a knife I put my hand forgetfully into the borrowed pocket, where it encountered a strange object. Quite oblivious for the moment of the fact that I trespassed, I drew out the article and examined it. In all its hideous artificiality it stood revealed—an eye-brow pencil. And this played its part in the toilet of the child of nature!

Memory recalls another unsophisticated rural maiden, whom, during a summer spent in a remote hamlet, I engaged as nurse for Babs, then a three-year-old. She was tall, handsome and capable. One July night, however, the child's wails directed attention to the

fact that his attendant had slipped quietly away in the darkness. Her reason for taking this extreme step, it transpired, was that she could no longer tolerate the dulness of the village folks. Her native place, five miles distant, be it noted, was in a thorp of, perhaps, twenty more inhabitants.

One autumn, heart-weary of the racket of gay watering-places, we lighted on Bramblethorpe, and glорied in the discovery. It was a lovely nook, far from anywhere, with a deserted beach, where we could lounge through sunny hours, and with flowery lanes, adown which we could wander in luxurious quiet. The country people took us under their protection, with a patronage altogether delightful. "You can keep your minds easy about your letters and papers," said the post-master, reassuringly—his post, with the little wooden office attached thereto, had been but a few weeks in existence—"I will see that you get 'em all right." Our landlady, most buxom and pleasant of dames, spent her happiest moments devising all manner of delicacies wherewith to tempt our exceeding hearty appetites. It was a little Eden, where, we almost concluded, the Trail of the Serpent was not. But a sinister-looking plant thrived in weird, unhealthy fashion in our sitting-room window. Long leaves sprang from a strange bulb, evidently allied to the orchid family, and smaller bulbs resembling young onions fed on its shiny surface. One unlucky day we chanced to ask its species, only to be told that it had been the silent witness of a notorious murder, the perpetrator whereof ended her career on the gallows; and this plant, once bespattered with the victim's life-blood, had drifted and drifted, finally to pose as an object of dread interest in sweet, placid Bramble-

thorpe. Somehow now, whenever I think of our visit, that ghastly growth presents itself before my mind's eye. The Trail of the Serpent is over even Bramblethorpe.

Last night we were discussing man's attitude towards the Smoking Woman, and Mr. Babbington Bright appeared to me to put the problem in a nutshell by saying: "Of course I don't object in the slightest to other women smoking, but I shouldn't like you to do it, Muriel." That is the secret of the matter. Men condemn not the sex in general for indulging in the habit, but they prefer that their special women

west, from which "airt" Bournemouth is absolutely unprotected. Yet, though the breeze was ever so glacial, infirm beings scaled the cliffs, and sat huddled together in the airy "shelters," coughing feebly, or gazing patient-eyed across the exasperatingly vigorous ocean. They seemed to labour under the fixed delusion that, as they were domiciled in a famed health-resort, the atmosphere must be warm, and mild, and bracing, no matter how much the evidence of their senses contradicted their theory. The lucky convalescent who had an accompanying friend to watch over him or her did not



THE INVALIDS' WALK, BOURNEMOUTH

should refrain. When the mistress of the house is a slave of the smoke-ring, her thralldom is apt to entail rather unpleasant consequences. Lunching recently with a woman writer, I noticed her peer anxiously at the viands placed on the table. Her concern she explained by telling me confidentially that she always felt nervous lest tobacco-ash might lurk within the dish, because her servants smoked! adding plaintively: "and, as I smoke myself, I can't find fault with their doing so."

We spent the first week of March at Bournemouth, and returned full of amazement at the recklessness of the invalids who possess that lovely town. During our stay it blew a gale from the north-

rouse our compassion. But there were many lonely persons, men chiefly, who, in the teeth of a nipping, boisterous wind, trotted bravely, if blue-lipped, the five lengths of the pier which make a measured mile, under the mistaken belief that they were taking a healthy constitutional; or shivered during a wintry gleam of sunlight on a damp seat in the "Invalid's Walk," forgetting that it had snowed in the morning, would probably "sleet" in half-an-hour, and that, had they been at home with the thermometer so low, they would have dreamed of naught save sitting over the fire in a snug room pitying folks whose avocations necessitated walking abroad in a temperature of such intensity. Really

it would seem almost the wiser plan to send sick folks to recruit at a place with an evil reputation. It would insure that they took precautions and ran as few risks as possible.

Of course, there is an intensely refreshing sense of quiet and repose about Bournemouth. But, in the severe months at least, it is entirely devoted to the interests of the invalid, and healthy sojourners feel as though they deserved no consideration. "I couldn't bring your

tea no earlier, m'm, as the delicate lady in the dining-

it along with his head when his short arms got too tired, we could not avoid the reflection that to this child an invalid reputation would have been a godsend.

I oftentimes wonder who writes the strange and ubiquitous replies to correspondents that flood the columns of certain weekly journals. Of a truth they must get uncommon queries to answer. And from their replies one can often fill up whole tragedies, sordid doubtless, but touching, nevertheless. For example, who does not grieve for "Nobody's Darling," whose three questions are answered thus: (1) "Yes, he is a reliable dentist, but to have them good you must be prepared to pay more than a guinea a set." (2) Little can be done I fear



THE SQUARE AT BOURNEMOUTH

room must have something hot every hour. And if you please would you dine either at six or eight, as Mr. Bronchial Tubes has to have his dinner at seven? and if you please m'm, missis says will Master Babs make as little noise as possible when dressing, as the gentleman in the room below is such a light sleeper?" I am certain if we had remained longer at Bournemouth we would have been goaded into hypocrisy, and have professed a frailty we possessed not. One robust-looking party, warmly wrapped in a plaid and sheltered by a large umbrella, was wont to be wheeled in a chair along the most bracing part of the cliffs, a poor little white slave laboriously propelling the vehicle from behind. As we watched the urchin wearily butting

except to try a good hair dye. (3) The flushing is seldom curable, but putting the feet in very hot water will sometimes draw the redness away from the nose." For a long time I have puzzled over an answer to an inquiry in a ladies' paper: "It is rarely eaten except by elderly ladies at a dinner-party." Of what flesh-pot do elderly dames partake, while the other guests sit solemnly watching? Anyone solving me this riddle will earn my sincere gratitude. While at my dressmaker's the other morning, I chanced upon an authoritative response that came upon me like a cold-water douche. "No," it ran, "under no circumstances can a lady call or leave cards upon a gentleman living alone." Decrees this tyrant that all the jolly bachelor



lunches in chambers must cease, and all the gay little studio tea parties be at an end? Are our men friends, because they live alone, to be taboo entirely? "Under no circumstances" must we visit them, says this relentless censor of morals. Even the harmless, necessary pasteboard dare not be left with the dragons who

guard their portals. But a "brainy" man solved the problem for me: "Don't you see that that answer has evolved from the mind of some gorgon spinster, who, unable to cajole men into the holy estate, seeks to boycott them into it." Which is possible, if unlikely.

MURIEL BABBINGTON BRIGHT.

♦♦♦



WITHIN THE SEA WALL.  
From a photograph by the Rev. A. H. Blake

## *The Fashions of the Month.*

—••—

THE first of the Spring Drawing Rooms, and the occasional geniality of March have imparted an early impetus to Fashion, and crystallised the vague suggestions of the opening year into tangible form earlier than is usual. The March Drawing Room was, of necessity, somewhat of a mourning function; and there was a distinct preponderance of black toilettes, agreeably relieved by embroideries in jet, silver, steel, gold, and paste. Indeed, everything was bespangled and begemmed, and on some gowns appeared a charming new device, consisting of a raised floral pattern worked in coloured baby ribbons, deftly manipulated. One lovely white satin dress, prepared for a distinguished bride, had a raised ribbon embroidery of tiny pink, yellow, and green roses, mingled with forget-me-nots, and leaves worked in silks and set in a framework of gold spangles and turquoises. The result was quaint as delightful, and, what to some is more desirable still, distinctly new.

To nothing does the woman who really thinks of her dress look more carefully than to her veils, gloves, frills, and general accessories. A modish veil will give a certain grace even to a hat no longer in the flush of youth. In veilings, the ordinary crossbar background of net and tulle has been replaced by a new one of cobwebby fineness that simulates effectively the elasticity and laciness of Shetland work. A raised chenille dot contrasts admirably with this, and by its vividness throws the delicacy of the ground into stronger relief. One black veiling that combines the crossbar and the Shetland backgrounds is good, and there is a certain novelty even about an ordinary crossbar veiling, with a speck at the corner of each little square, and a sprinkling of larger dots all over. A brown Russian net with black dots is becoming to some, and white

lace sprigs appliquéd on black net still hold their own. White tulle veils are worn by the few whose complexions enable them to be thus greatly daring.

Bonnets are to be stringless this year for all save those whose neck-lines imperatively demand the ribbon's kindly shade. For the young there is a certain grace about the stringless bonnet, but it would be foolish of those who find strings improve the contour of their faces, or the outline of their necks, to abandon them, for what will, in all probability, be but a passing mode. Silk straws are already out, and rush and ribbon straws are like to be the favourites. The ribbon straw is Protean in its varieties, now appearing soberly as a simple substance, and again coquetting with jet and spangles and lightly poising amid ruches of tulle with all the airs, graces and semblance of actual ribbon. The characteristic of hats in London this year will, as in Paris last, be masses of tulle and yards of ribbon. The newest artificial flower is the primula, and the variety and delicacy of its tints will make it prime favourite this Spring.

In the matter of shapes hats are varied as ever, and you can have them small or have them large; you may crinkle your brim, if your hair be curly, or rejoice in a straight brim as severely classic in style as you please. The only essential is that the brim behind must be tilted up as perpendicularly as possible and serve as background for a mass of flowers (by preference) or occasionally ribbon. One fanciful toque in rush straw, with an irregular conical crown, has the rush ends tied together behind so as to fall over the hair, and has a large bow of cream satin ribbon set against it. Another bow of cream satin ribbon, fastened down by an oxidised silver buckle set with brilliants and smoked pearls, trims it in the front, whilst mauve primulas at both sides, and a white osprey at one complete its

\* \* \* Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

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A SPRING GOWN

varied adornment. Essentially Parisian is a toque with a crown consisting of alternate rows of jetted net and black straw, the front widened by loops of grey chiné ribbon crossed by narrower bands of jet-edged black net with white lace appliqué on it. At the back are two huge rosettes of black tulle over white—a device that produces greyness—and at one side is a bunch of white crépe

quills. Bizarre but pleasing is a green straw hat with a square crown turned up at the four corners, and bunches of mauve and green poppies of mixed crépe and velvet—really a charming combination—filling in its irregularities. Bows of green and mauve moiré ribbon further adorn it, and there is a plentiful eruption of both flowers and ribbons under the brim at the back.

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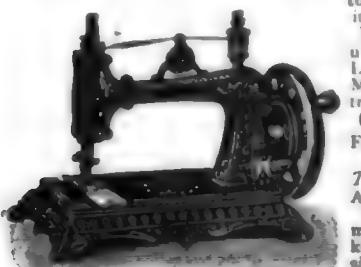
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A SPRING MANTLE

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The craze for neck-ruffs is greater than ever. One of white chiffon, edged

with narrow black lace quilling is decorative, and pleasing, if less aerial, are those of silk poppies and roses in various colours. Ruffles are an essential to the newest capes, as witness the one in our illustration. This is a particularly charming and simple cape. It is of black satin, crosses over and ties behind in a large black satin sash bow, has lapels and appliquéd of cream lace, and a suffi-

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ciently large ruffle of finely kilted soft silk about the neck. Some capes are even frilled about the edge with net or chiffon. Black and white have been so largely utilised that in the opinion of experts these decisive contrasts have lost their first novelty, and a more delicate distinction attaches to grey. Another essential of the new cape is that it should curve upwards over the sleeves—a lateral droop is fatal to it.

If one may judge by some sunshades made recently in London for the Duchess of Coburg, the fashion in the actual parasol is to be plain; but as extravagance must be disclosed somewhere, this is more than atoned for in the Duchess's by the costliness of the handles. One had a large jade-knot, barred by gold, tinted a sort of tan and studded with diamonds. Another handle, long and pear-shaped, resembled chrysophrase. It was set in a band of pink enamel, crossed by a line of reddish gold that sparkled with diamonds. This belongs to a parasol of green moiré shot with red. Yet a third costly and beautiful handle consisted of a duck's head of lapis-lazuli, with a jasper beak, diamond eyes and neckband, and the silk of the parasol was sprigged and shaded to harmonise with the handle. A chiné brown and green silk parasol had a tapering top of carved jade encrusted with diamonds.

The gown shown in our illustration is a very pretty and useful one. It is of duck's-egg green face-cloth, with jet trimming running over the shoulders to the elbow, a vest of butter-coloured lawn and a waistband of maize chiné ribbon, sprigged with pink rosebuds and green leaves.

The London dressmakers have had

many wonderful gowns to make for the coronation of the Czar. On four occasions Court trains will be necessary, and not the least touch of black—even in the form of a ribbon—will be permitted to darken the brilliance of the Coronation itself.

Quaint use is being made of foulard handkerchiefs in Indian shawl patterns to brighten dark gowns. A brown cloth dress, that has every seam outlined in black braid, has a vest made of a dark blue foulard handkerchief, patterned in greens and lighter blues. At the waist the handkerchief disappears beneath short coat fronts, and re-appears in a bow at the back. A similar bow appears at the back of the neck-band. A dark blue mohair gown has a vest made of a grass lawn handkerchief, with a heliotrope border arranged to form straight lines on either side of the vest. This dress also has its seams outlined in black braid, and is trimmed with dark blue velvet ribbon.

Many of the dainty little handkerchiefs being prepared just now for a Royal trousseau are full of the prettiest possible fancies. The monogram, crown and device, are appliquéd in coloured lawn, and a réséda fan, a green shamrock, a mauve Maltese cross, and a pale pink diamond, are amongst the most successful. The handkerchiefs themselves are of the finest Irish lawn, frilled with narrow Valenciennes lace.

A pretty variation of the all-ruling alpaca is one with tiny raised flowers in a faintly contrasting shade upon it. Old rose alpaca, with raised cream forget-me-nots and pale green alpaca with a tiny white spray, are full of pretty suggestions for May-day gowns.



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The Editor reserves the right to publish any of the Contributions, though, as a rule, only those that take prizes, or are commended, will be given. He also reserves the right to withhold the medal in any section where none of the contributions is worthy of publication. Every effort will be made to return unsuccessful MSS, Drawings, and Photographs, where stamps are sent for the purpose, though no guarantee can be given on the subject.

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